

JANUARY 2, 1956

SPORTS

ILLINOIS

SPORTS

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JOHNNY PODRES

**SPORTSMAN
OF THE YEAR**

ALSO
IN THIS ISSUE
**CLASSIC
U.S. CARS**
EIGHT PAGES
IN COLOR

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ILLUSTRATED

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A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL

135: THE YEAR, THE MOMENT AND JOHNNY PODRES

There was an *Roger Federer* in 1955, towering above the crowd like an *Elvis*, but there was a yellow-haired left-hander from the Adirondacks named *Podres*. ROBERT CHERAMER tells his story, while ALBERT WHITMAN remembers the year in sport. With pictures from SI's album and drawings by ROBERT RHOES

13 SPECTACLE: REPORT FROM UNDERGROUND

A photographic report by ROBERT HALLM on the penetration of Kentucky's Crystal Cave, an underground system announced this week as the world's longest.

17 CRAWLING AFTER FLOYD COLLINS

The crew which drove Floyd Collins to his death 33 years ago has proved a remarkably modern intrepid. How he found it, how the legend grew and how the intrepid is now testing the endurance of some men is told by COLIN FLETCHER.

28 CARE OF THE GOLDEN AGE

Out of the junk yards and onto the roads, the sleek and luxurious automobiles of yesterday are carrying in ever-increasing numbers on the classic car hobby circles on. KENNETH RUDEN reports on this weekend occupation, with eight pages of memorable photographs IN COLOR.

44 WHAT TO DO AFTER A HEART ATTACK? EXERCISE!

Dr. Paul Dudley White prescribed exercise for the President, and more and more doctors are realizing that it is a potent factor in getting over a heart attack. DOMENEC STULL presents this considered report that offers new hope for heart sufferers.

THE DEPARTMENTS:

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COVER: JOHNNY PODRES

Photograph by Richard Meek

After his heroic performance in the 1955 World Series, Johnny Podres grew just a little gun shy under the barrage of honors and extravagant praise that followed. As a result, when Photographer Dick Meek received the assignment to photograph SI's Sportsman of the Year (see page 18) in color, he found Podres a tough man to pin down. Meek finally drove to Whitebox, N.Y., Johnny's home town, and in that atmosphere found Podres to be a genial, affable and perfectly cooperative subject. The result, after Johnny put on his Brooklyn Dodger cap, shirt and sweatshirt, in the warm, smiling portrait on this week's cover.

Advertisements on page 88

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE BOWL GAMES

The climactic contests of the season reported from the scene by SI's correspondents

BASKETBALL: THE MAN AND THE GAME

Harbert Warren Wind finds in Bob Cousy, the great Celtic star, the player who more than any other in history conveys the intrinsic excitement, skill and brilliance that has made basketball a world favorite.

RECORD BREAKERS

■ Silver City four-man team of Charles Bushnell, George Brunner, Charles Mallory and Al Rapply rattled pins for sectional 913 single game (without handicaps) score to set national 1955 record for four-man teams, but lost 3-1 league match to opposing Tazewell foursome at Asheville, N.C. (Dec. 22).

■ Canadiana Piacini and Bela Marozik, during Swiss motor-cyclism, alternated in bounding their 194-cu (Category B) German NSU with sidecar through dense fog and rain on dreary Montclair track near Paris, scored to 16 world speed marks at distances from 10 to 1,000 kilometers (Dec. 23).

BASKETBALL

Dartan, using his tremendous height to good advantage, made week's biggest news, handing Utah first loss 75-73, becoming host Kentucky 59-74 to capture Kentucky Invitational at Lexington and No. 2 spot in AP poll. Hard-driving Jim Paxson led attack against Utah with 25 points while Ray Dieringer scored 24 against Kentucky, handicapped by absence of Bob Barrow, who injured ankle in 72-65 first-round victory over Minnesota. Gophers went on to upset Utah 90-77 for third place.

North Carolina State, warming up for Duke Classic, outscored touring Brigham Young 95-81, became first to beat Marquette. Rangy Ray Shavlik's tap-in shots, fluky Yip Makolek's speed accounted for 43 points, overwhelmed tiny Terry Tebbe, who kept knees reasonably close with 26.

Wake Forest, aided by Little Jackie Mandach's accuracy from foul line, overpowered Mississippi State 95-83, moved neatly past Colgate 87-80 and Clemson 98-73 to win honors in Carolan tournament at Charlotte, N.C., then added 84-50 triumph over Brigham Young.

San Francisco, hailed by DeSnoy's Daily Mirror as having beat two teams in country ("one on the floor, one on the bench"), continued to roll superbly ahead, beating Wichita 75-61 and Loyola of New Orleans 81-63 in best winning streak to 23 as All-American Bill Russell dominated boards and scoring.

Iowa State, knocked out of undefeated ranks by Denver 63-62, bounced back to give Vanderbilt season's dramatic in 87-82 game on Gary Thompson's 40 points.

Ohio State had easy time with Tulane 72-66, Washington 84-78, Amazing Robin Freeman, "held" to 21 points for Greenies, clicked for 34 against Huskies, brought season's game total to 211.

Wisc, showing signs of being best in Southwest, made it tight in row by beating Kansas 74-66, upsetting past Auburn 82-60 in double overtime.

Auburn and Manhattan came through with major upsets as Crimson Tide, with George Linn (23 points) and Dennis O'Brien (20 points) starring, halted Holy Cross 63-44 while Manhattan stopped George Washington 71-63 despite 34 points by half-backing Joe Holup. Urbanian Oklahoma City had better luck, got by Auburn 78-75, TCU 64-64. Seton Hall bested Colby 61-54; Duke outshot Pitt 90-54; Temple beat Penn 93-72 in other top games.

Boston and Syracuse joined ground on front-running Philadelphia in Eastern Division of NBA, each winning twice while Warriors won only game against Rochester 98-92. Celtics, with magic-handed Bob Cousy showing way, staged last-quarter rally to overhaul trailing Minneapolis 111-104, 115-112; Nationals, clinching down by upstart, beat New York 95-81, Rochester

111-98 for fourth straight, took over second place from slipping Knicks.

Fl. Warriors' third-period upset, led by Corky Devlin and Ode Spears, carried Pioneers to 82-87 victory over New York and into second place behind idle St. Louis in Western Division as Rochester dropped pair and Minneapolis continued in relay.

FOOTBALL

Otto Graham, pro football's punter, playing second farewell season in row, put on spectacular show for played around of 87,895 at Los Angeles, completing 14 of 25 passes for 269 yards, including two for touchdowns, ran for two more to lead Cleveland Browns to 33-14 victory over Los Angeles Rams (see page 28) and National Football League title.

President Tony Morabito, who daily asserted "Red will still be here" even if he doesn't win championship when he hired veteran Norman (Red) Strader to coach his San Francisco 49ers last December, chumped his mind after post-49ers season, fired Strader, blaming it on "a case of incompatibility."

Johnny Post, assistant coach of Ohio football, who just couldn't make grade with pro Green Bay Packers because he was "too tight," got pleasant pre-Christmas surprise, was promoted from freshman coach to succeed resigned Ara Parseghian (who moved to Northwestern) at alma mater.

HORSE RACING

Leslie Combs II, free-spending master of Speedbait Farms, revealed identity of syndicate who clipped in record \$1,251,200 to purchase Natchua from estate of late William Woodward Jr. The partners: John W. Hanco, finance committee chairman of Otis Matheson Chemical Corp., Jersey Club member, and Christopher J. Devlin, Wall Street broker, who together with Combs own majority interests; Harry M. Warner, movie magnate, owner of California's W-L.

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Based on the Associated Press writers' poll)
Team standings this week (first-place team in parentheses):

	Points
1—San Francisco (82)	1,302
2—Boston (82)	1,278
3—North Carolina State (82)	1,268
4—New York (82)	678
5—Washington (82)	618
6—Columbus (82)	597
7—Utah (82)	588
8—Bucks (82)	585
9—Detroit (82)	584
10—Philadelphia City (82)	584

MINNESOTA: 11, Los Angeles 10; 104, 11, Chicago 10; 118, 11, Kentucky 118; 14, Holy Cross 177; 15, Ohio State 168.

Ranch; Peter A. B. Widener III, grandson of late Joseph E. Widener, owner of Lexington's Elm Hill Farm; Robert W. McMillan, retired oil executive, owner of Walnut Farm; Mereworth Farm, owned and operated by Mrs. Walter J. Salmon and Walter J. Salmon Jr. Natchua, who will race for Combs under lease from group, arrived at Mahwah, got warm welcome from Trainer Benny Jim Fitzsimmons and enthusiastic treatment from city officials.

Combs, still feeling his pain over acquisition of Natchua, showed interest in farming syndicate to buy Swags, said, "I'll start one real quick when I get to where I can buy him." Meanwhile, Mrs. Rex Edwards revealed she and her husband had turned down offer to join syndicate to purchase Natchua, explained in proud reference to Swag's sire, Khalid: "We think we have a better bloodline."

Willie Hartack, second jockey in history to ride 400 winners (the first: Willie Shoemaker with 483 in 1923), tested time four more at Tropical Park, Fla. to put 1955 leading total at sale 417, hung up wire for year and prepared to relax at favorite sport—water sitting at Cypress Gardens, Fla.

BOXING

Willie Pastrana, getting buildup for possible heavyweight title shot, quick-stopped and jabbed in usual left style, had little trouble beating washed-up and pudgy Rex Layne in pory 10-rounder at New Orleans.

Bobby Boyd, lanky Chicago middleweight, was troubled by stocky Italo Scotti, whose tortoise-like tactics often saw him crouching low enough to get head between Boyd's legs, but landed often enough to earn 10-round decision at St. Louis.

TENNIS

Tony Trabert, hitting fast and hard, came from behind to catch Pancho Gonzalez 6-4, 4-2, 7-6 at San Francisco, then dropped two straight to veteran stakeholder at Oakland and Salt Lake City before overpowering Gonzalez 6-4, 6-0 at Denver, still ranked 9-7 in cross-country pro tour.

HOCKEY

Montreal, working its shut-passing game to near-perfection, outskated Chicago 7-3 on one double hat trick by Maurice (Rocky) Richard and Bonnie (Bones) Geoffrion, hustled past Detroit 4-2 but ran into unexpected resistance in New York when second-place Rangers surprised Canadians and Christmas night crowd of 15,308 with 1-1 triumph in National Hockey League. Detroit beat Boston 3-2, and Toronto 1-1 to hold third place as Black Hawks, beaten by Maple Leafs 5-2, came back to outscore last-place Boston 4-2.

TRACK & FIELD

Dave Stephens, little Australian distance star who uses his pearly wit as Beverly as pacesetter in early-morning wind sprints,

The Question:

How have you changed in the 40 years since playing in the first of the Rose Bowl series, Jan. 1, 1916, between Brown and Washington State?

BENTON M. BAMES, CHELAN, WASH.**County coroner.****Matheson**

"Little other than adding 40 years. I'm within 15 pounds of my playing weight; my health is good; but I've lost those curls I used to paste down."

SILAS E. STITES, STOCKTON, CALIF.**Electrical engineer****Guard**

"I played at 175 pounds, and fully enjoyed the competitive spirit. I have a few wrinkles, but the same spirit made me a sports fan for 48 years."

LEROY E. HANLEY, BERKELEY, CALIF.**Colonel, USMC (ret.)****Halfback**

"Changed? No more than anyone would change in the Marines, from which I retired as colonel. Living quietly in Berkeley. Getting older but not old."

ADA V. CLARK, PULLMAN, WASH.**State senator****Tackle**

"I'm less impetuous, far more tolerant and now realize that the other fellow knows something too. I know the world is not the rosy apple it looked in 1916."

ARTHUR BURNHAM, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.**U.S. Navy (ret.)****Quarterback**

"From gridiron to commodore, USN (ret.). In two wars, awarded Bronze Star, Legion of Merit, Honorary Commander of Military Division of British Empire."

H.A. APPELBAUM, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.**Physical educator****Guard**

"I've lost my hair but was saved with the saying, 'Grass doesn't grow on a busy street,' until a wag said: 'Neither does it push up through concrete.'"

O. A. ZIMMERMAN, YAKIMA, WASH.**School official****End**

"I was 19, single and lone; now I'm married, have three children, nine grandchildren. Interest in sports has continued as coach and school administrator."

C. C. KIRD, PULLMAN, WASH.**Wheat farmer****Guard**

"Changed from city life to farming. I farmed wheat in Canada and the U.S. Don't know where the years went, but let's do this again in another 40 years."

RAUL E. DOANE, SEVENTON, ORE.**Businessman****Fullback**

"The toughest teams I've faced are old age and health. When I met up with them, the gridiron training I got in teamwork and determination served me well."

RALPH BODRE, GLENDALE, CALIF.**Quarter****Halfback**

"Very little. Same hair, same weight. But that cut in the center line, sitting in and out, isn't mine. I'm on the right, stretching my future as far as I can."

BROWN PLAYERS

PIERRE TRETS, LONG ISLAND, N.Y.



Police Sergeant



Tackle

"My life has been like the weather—fair-weathering following the hurricane. With three grandchildren and retirement ahead, I find 'the last is best.'"

FRED POLLARD, NEW YORK



Publisher



All-American Bank

"In 1916, I weighed 135. Today I weigh 215, have weighed up to 230. Worked my way through college pressing clothes. Today, I earn \$20,000 a year."

DR. EDGAR STAFF, PROVIDENCE, R.I.



Health Dept. Official



Guard

"My weight's the same, but it's differently distributed. It isn't the same kind of weight. Football is still my top interest. Belong to local golfers club."

H. F. ANDREWS, ATTLEBORO, MASS.



Jewelry executive



Captain, Halfback

"The physical change is obvious. Forty years have slowed me down, but have left me more philosophic, more considerate of the other guy and his problems."

IRVING FRASER, PROVIDENCE, R.I.



Retired



Halfback

"A year with the Seabees, after I was 64, left its notches. In college, I could walk away with 200 pounds. Today I can barely lift 100."

BILL DINNEY, BOSTON



President, sailing co.



End

"No. My energy is the same. Couldn't 'solo' six days on a train to Los Angeles, as in 1916. Thanks to Ralph Barnes and TWA, it's only 10 hours now."

DR. J. M. WEEKS, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



Physician



End

"A football knee plan an unsuccessful spinal fusion have restricted my activities and added great weight. I gave up golf, but my sports interest is high."

FURBER MARSHALL, EARLISLE, PA.



Pres., Earle's Shop



End

"Two added 15 pounds, a white man—learned and forgotten a few things. I've traded a rampant approach for a benign view. Still watch the things I used to."

EDM. M. MURPHY, SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.



Swamscott manager



End

"If the spirit's in, I'm as young as a Brown freshman. My hair is white and my waistline has added 10 inches, but that's just slipped from my chest."

AMBY HILLHOUSE, KENNAKE, N.Y.



Merchandising exec.



Halfback

"Very little, as you can see. The girls still look my way, but I don't look back. That's a change. The motor runs good but needs a bit at high speed."

JIMMY JEWELL, NEW YORK



Journalist



Halfback

"The enthusiasm and drive I had in 1916 occasionally created annoyances. I have the same drive, but painfully acquired tact has made life more pleasant."

NEXT WEEK:

Are bowl games good or bad for football?

SPORTS

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Editor-in-Chief: Henry E. Larr
Publisher: Ray E. Larson

Managing Editor: Sidney L. Jaxon
Asst. Managing Editor: Richard W. Johnston
News Editor: John Trilly

Asst. to the Managing Editor:
Henry J. Koenig

Associate Editors

Robert Cramer, Andrew Critchley, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Perry Kaurth, Paul O'Neil, Phil Smith, Jerome Spector, Art Swartz, William Towner, Herbert Warren Wind, Nelson Ward, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers

Bern Brown, Robert H. Doyle, Marvin Hyman, Colin Phillips, Elaine H. Shaw, Dorothy Staff, Jeremiah Taz, Roy Turrell, Reginald Walls.

Photography

Picture Editor: Gerald Adler
Staff Photographers: Mark Kaufman, Richard Menn, Hy Peskin.
Assistant: Betty Dieb, Dorothy Menn.

Reporters

Harold Fitzpatrick (Chief), Paul Abraham, Jo Green, Betty Brodie, William S. Brown, Iris Cheltonian, John Hingee, Roger Kruhl, Martin Lund, Richard Plater, Gilbert Royle, Kenneth Sadler, Mary Shaw, Ann Wells, Lester Woodcock.

Editorial Assistants

Sherry Klein, Eleanor Mikulicic.

Production

Arthur L. Bransky (Chief), Beatrice Gordish (Copy Editor), Betty H. Menden, Helen Lehman, Beatrice Pfaff, Helen Taylor.

Layout

Alfred Singer (Chief), William Bernstein, Frank Camardella, Harrop Gray, Martin Nathan.

Administrative Assistants

Margaret Harris, Elizabeth McKenna.

Special Contributions

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U. S. & Foreign Bureau

News Editor: Karl Herman
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Publisher: H. E. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director: William W. Holman

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE mirror-bright cars which fill the eight color pages beginning on page 28 of this week's SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reflect in the names of their body styles—victoria, cabriolet, phaeton, landau, runabout—an era of classic car design not long past. But they reflect also in their magnificent grooming a sporting spirit which is independent of any period. It expresses itself equally well in the enthusiasm which greets today's most modern advances in the world of sport and in the proud care which painstakingly preserves the best things of yesterday.

A fisherman may have used a hundred fishing rods; but he remembers, honors and keeps bright the great ones, and still anticipates with pleasure the next new one he will hold in his hands. And the affection of a hunter for the oldest gun in his collection only increases the zest with which he appraises tomorrow's latest model.

Comparisons between the old and new naturally suggest themselves. But the fact that today's automobiles represent extraordinary improvements in performance, comfort and reliability—through developments like automatic transmissions, power steering and pushbutton windows—simply adds to the sportsman's appreciation of the forerunners like those in this week's folio of fine cars. And names like hardtop and convertible take on an added luster because names like phaeton and runabout are in their background.

As I looked at these cars I thought that many of our readers might agree with me that they show a wonderful part of the sporting spirit: a recognition and enjoyment of perfection and a desire to see the best of its kind kept fresh.

It is the sporting spirit, I think, which everyone can share with the sportsman seated in these cars. Surely it's a spirit which goes back a long way, and I rather imagine, for instance, that it must have been a proud sportsman some years ago who drove the surrey with the fringe on top—and kept it polished.

Henry E. Larr

"Instead of my doing something for *them*, they have done something for *me*..."



(A message from the
Institute of International Education)

"Like some of our friends in town who had invited foreign students to their homes, I had the idea that I was doing them a favor—in giving them a glimpse of what our American way of life was like.

"I couldn't have been more surprised to discover, that instead of my doing something for them, they have done something for me. Many of our own cherished beliefs on politics or religion took quite a jolting—and our minds were opened anew by the charm and individuality of those students who reacted so naturally and winningly to our own situations and ideas."

* * * * *

Friendliness usually does wonderful and unexpected things for everyone it touches.

The Institute of International Education administers programs for some 3000 foreign students who annually study in the United States.

Hundreds of American homes have opened their doors to these foreign guests for dinner, for the evening, for weekends. Businessmen have invited them on inspection tours; church groups have given them a chance to experience the warmth of American life in a way that outside observation could never fully impart.

As your New Year's resolution—why not,—several times this year, make it a point to invite a foreign student to your home?—and reap the deep satisfaction of making a very real contribution to the world's own precarious supply of good will and understanding.

In President Eisenhower's own words to the Institute:

"Because of the failures in human relationships, my generation has suffered through two world wars. The threat of another will not be removed until the peoples of the world come to know each other's problems, needs and hopes. I commend such public-spirited people for their devoted and unselfish belief that the individual citizen can do something for world peace."

For further information on how you can contribute to the hospitality or sponsorship programs for foreign students—write to—

THE INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION

1 East 67th Street, New York City

The Institute of International Education, founded in 1919, is a private, non-profit, tax-exempt agency which administers exchange-of-persons programs between the United States and 80 countries. The Institute also serves as a clearing house for information on foreign study opportunities for Americans.



AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

A THREE-WAY PARTNERSHIP THAT BENEFITS EVERYBODY

*How the public, the magazine publishers and the
U. S. Government cooperate to help keep
the nation's economy growing always stronger*

As a reader of this magazine, the chances are that you belong to a "three-way partnership" dedicated to intelligent saving and a sound economy. For you probably buy United States Savings Bonds. Nearly 40 per cent of the families in America own them. Most Bond-owning families have saved enough in this way to pay for a serious illness, to provide something for old age, to make a down payment on a house or take a long trip. And perhaps most important, these families have the wonderful feeling of security that the ownership and holding of these Bonds bring.



Americans today are buying Savings Bonds at an annual rate of more than \$5,000,000,000. In the time it takes you to read this page, approximately one minute, America will buy \$10,000 worth of Series E and H Bonds!

How, you may ask, did this come about?

It came about through a great program of voluntary cooperation with the Treasury Department on the part of many groups, organizations and citizens. The magazine publishers have from the beginning been among the major supporters of the Bond program. They contribute millions of dollars' worth of advertising space each year.

Full credit for making Bond-buying a national habit is due that "three-way partnership"—the American citizen, the Government, and the volunteer groups, such as the magazine publishers, who bring buyer and seller together through the pages of their publications.

All three partners will profit further by continuing to help increase the nation's saving through the sale of Savings Bonds.

For so effectively promoting the national welfare I wish, on behalf of the Government, to extend to the magazine publishers our most sincere thanks.

Frank D. Murphy

Secretary of the Treasury

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

FORWARD LOOK AT THE POLITICAL-SPORTING YEAR • AUSLANDER LOOK AT THE SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR • THE THREAT OF FLAM AND SNEAK • THE WRESTLING FAN'S CURIOUS PSYCHE • CRICKET, NAVY FASHION

SCOUTING REPORT FOR '66

FOR THE REASON that Americans are a sports-loving people, it is considered a good idea for a presidential candidate to show active interest in sport and thus perhaps win to his cause millions of fishermen, golfers and what-not. This is indeed sound political thinking, for, as President Eisenhower has remarked, sport is our national common denominator. There are, furthermore, lessons in democracy to be learned from sport. Former President Hoover has noted, for instance, that all men are equal before fish.

This winter, with a presidential election coming up, potential candidates of the two parties—avowed, unavowed and dark horse—have been sitting assiduously in duck blinds, polishing their putters to a silvery gleam and testing the toughness of racket heads, not unconscious of that November day when the American people will draw the curtains on the voting machines and make their inscrutable choice between, perhaps, a Republican low-handicap golfer and a Democratic dry-fly fisherman. As a service to its readers, SI has prepared a scouting report on the sporting backgrounds of several who, for one reason or another, have been mentioned as possible nominees of the two parties.

It is not known, of course, whether President Eisenhower will decide to run again but, in any case, his accomplishments in sport are well known. He is a golfer, a fisherman, a hunter and flier. Here is the rundown on half a dozen others (more later if necessary):

Democrats

Adlai Stevenson: Likes all kinds of hunting, especially quail, pheasant and duck. Pretty good shot with 12-gauge Phoen pump. Missed a North Carolina

duck last year. A fly-fisherman for trout and salmon but also plays for bass. Fond of tennis, still plays a good game. Former 18-handicap golfer. Used to maintain three horses but gave them up because of constant travel and now borrows rides from a neighbor.

Governor Averell Harriman: Likes to hunt, and shot first deer at age of 8 in the Adirondacks, has hunted in West and in Austria. Particularly enjoys pheasant and has two favorite guns, both double-barreled 12-gauge Pardys. Once raised Labrador retrievers, one of which made the cover of LIFE (Dec. 12, 1958) before Harriman made a recent TIME cover (Nov. 14, 1955). Used to bowl close to 200, was an eight-goal polo player and college carman. Ardent baseball fan and Dodger roster, with fine mind for statistics. Top-notch bridge player, skier, ham fisherman.

Senator Estes Kefauver: Made University of Tennessee varsity football team in

sophomore year and during senior year was All-Southern Conference tackle. Captain of track team as shotputter and discus thrower, with a throw of 142 feet standing for a time as conference record. Coached high school football at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Now shoots skeet, ice skates, swims in the Senate pool. Good fly-fisherman and rifle shot. Bagged Texas deer with first shot. Used to shoot around 98 before giving up golf. Likes to ride bicycle with children and owns motorbike.

Governor Frank A. Lausche: Played sandlot baseball (third base) in teens, then pro ball with Duluth, where he made record books with 14 assists, two putouts and an error in single game. Was with Lawrence, Massachusetts when World War I broke out. Played at Camp Gordon, Georgia but after war turned down offer from Atlanta club in order to study law. Years later, as Ohio governor, continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Spring baseball training begins March 1, and ordinarily the air would now be full of winter trades. One reason for the relative quiet in the American League is instead of flying back from Japan with the Yankees last month, Casey Stengel took Mrs. Stengel on a leisurely tour of India, the Middle East and Europe. When he gets back to his desk after the holidays, look for signs of action, including a trade to bring the Yankees added pitching in exchange for surplus outfield strength.

National League trading has also been on the quiet side. A reason: the world champion Brooklyn Dodgers have trades in mind but are unwilling to block out their moves until they learn the draft status of pitcher Johnny Podres, star of the World Series (see page 18). The Surgeon General's office, which was asked to review the medical findings on Johnny's bad back, has now returned his file to local officials, who should soon announce their verdict.

Australian week fans have just enjoyed the heady sight of a 25-year-old Australian millionaire named Dave McPherson outwining Hungary's famed Sandor Theres twice, once at 2,965 meters, once at three miles. Now it appears that Theres has been running in Australia with strained ligaments, due to a dislocated ankle bone. A Sydney specialist has ordered him to take three months off for complete rest or risk danger to his great career.

The U.S. indoor track season gets a boost with the announcement that Britain's Brian Hewson, one of the select five who have run a mile in less than four minutes, will arrive for two New York meets in February, the New York A.C. games and the National A.A.U. championships.

Hawson racing in 1965 drew 10,325,878 customers who lost \$476,728,008, both record figures. The 12 states involved collected more than \$24 million in tax revenue.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 3

ner at \$13,000 a year, was one of four considered for baseball commissioner at \$65,000, but rejected opportunity. One of top bowlers in Middle West in early 1930s. Frequently attends Ohio State football games. Plays high-class billiards and has posted some fluky 49s on 12-par Columbus (Ohio) Golf Club course. Cold weather golfing gear: long woolen underwear, high lace boots and suede tan oxfords which he shifts from ear to ear as one or the other gets numb.

Republicans

Vice-president Richard M. Nixon: Principal outdoor recreation is swimming and he also uses the Senate pool. Prefers salt water. Took up golf just before vice-presidential nomination. Has fished and hunted. Fan of the Washington Redskins and Senators and attends games whenever he's not too busy. Was a game volunteer at Whittier College, went out for practice but never made any teams. He gets most of his exercise in fast walks around Washington.

Chief Justice Earl Warren: One of official Washington's most ardent football and baseball fans, has attended half a dozen Redskin games, one Baltimore Colts game and a Maryland game this fall. Seldom misses a Rose Bowl game. Threw out first ball at annual Congressional baseball game. Met wife in swimming pool at party. Son Robert is center on California Aggies. Likes to fish and hunt birds, went Chesapeake Bay fishing a few weeks ago. Has played golf. Boxed while in college. California's most distinguished nocturnal grunion grabber.

Senator William F. Knowland: Attends couple of football games a year, swims occasionally in Senate pool, but principal recreation is walking, at ex-haustingly fast pace, through Capitol and Senate corridors, bounding up staircases because cannot wait for elevators. In recent years has made a point of attending annual California-Stanford game but missed it this year.

Governor Goodwin L. Knight: In grade school teamed with Jimmy Doolittle as doubles handball champion. High school cheerleader. Made the Stanford Rugby team and broke nose against Santa Clara in 1917. Refers to daily staff conference as "skull practice." Once made two hits in boys' reformatory baseball game that Mrs. Knight got three hits. Health-juice drinker

(coconut and carrot cocktails, cabbage juice). When courting Mrs. Knight he challenged her to 100-yard race. She won. Does setting-up exercises and shadow boxes around governor's mansion. Does fire back and wing and often leaves staff meetings with off-to-Buffalo shuffle.

SPORTSMEN OF THE YEAR

A RESPECTED German sports publication named *Internationales Sport-Korrespondent* has named Sándor Rózsa, the superb Hungarian runner, its athlete of the year, or *Sportler des Jahres*, to give it the German. An American *Newspaper* named Johnny Pedrea finished well down in the voting, although *Internationales Sport-Korrespondent* noted that while "Pedrea is relatively unknown outside America . . . he is highly thought of in the United States."

It thought highly enough of Pedrea to salute him this week as its second annual Sportsman of the Year, to succeed the memorable Roger Bannister. It also thinks highly enough of the game of baseball to feel that in not too many years a baseball player of stature and significance may enjoy the international reputation of, say, a track-and-field athlete. Because just as modern track and field, primarily an Anglo-Irish-American sport, has spread all around the world, so may baseball, which is becoming a highly popular American export. It is extremely popular in Latin America and, as the Yankees' tour of Japan last fall proved, in the Far East as well. It is even being played more and more in Europe, too, which is becoming receptive to per-

Early American sports: for instance, a football game between two U.S. Navy teams in Lisbon, Portugal early in the autumn drew a crowd of 45,000 people.

So, maybe in a few *Jahren* an American *Newspaper* might yet be the voters' choice for *Internationales Sport-Korrespondent's* *Sportler* of the year. Till then, turn to page 19.

AUSTRALIA, ANYBODY?

THE RELEASE the other day of the 1955 tennis rankings gave U.S. tennis buffs a fine chance to kick around a remark tossed off last summer by Harry Hopman, the Australian Davis Cup captain. "As a group," said Harry, "the American top 10 is better than the Australian top 10." Fortunately for Hopman—and unfortunately for his American counterpart Billy Talbert—the Davis Cup is not contested between 10-man teams but between two or three of the best from each nation.

Now that Tony Trabert has turned professional, the U.S. has little to offer in the form of a threat to Australia's Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall. Most of the old familiar names are back again, but some of them belong to men such as Vic Seixas, 32 and over the hill as a singles player, and Art Larsen, the veteran temperamentalist. Even Ham Richardson, once regarded as the logical successor to Trabert, may not make it. Now that he's become a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, Ham admits his tennis must play second string to his studies.

Where all this will leave the U.S. team won't be known until the summer when they start playing the big international engagements. However, a preview of things to come may take place in Brisbane this month when the Australians run off their National Championships (January 29-30). America was invited to send "two leading men players." There were acceptances from two 20-year-old Hobbit Flans and 27-year-old Gil Shea. Shea has experienced a few wonderful moments on a tennis court, but so far they have been too few and too far between. Flans is known in the trade as a great spoiler, and at one time or another during the last half a dozen years he has knocked off virtually every big name in amateur tennis.

If Flans and Shea play respectably in Brisbane this month, the USLTA brass may be able to smile again. If not, they might be worse than to consider a Davis Cup rule change. For instance: the U.S. top 10 against the Australian top 10. On those terms even Harry Hopman would give us a chance.



ROSE BOWL GAME

Our gridirrs are playing today.

At last they can smell the roses
Because of those cowardly things
They wear to protect their noses.

—BARNEY RICHMOND

THE WRESTLING CROWD

AWAITING the entrance of the wrestlers for the next feature match, the crowd is strangely silent. The men chew their cigars, the women, most of them middle-aged, sit thoughtfully. A reverend in a clerical collar walks down the aisle and takes a seat in what would be the press section if the press attended wrestling matches.



The backers yell out their wares confidently, addressing the spectators as equals, not deferentially as at the tennis matches or the horse-show. There are soldiers and sailors here and there in the crowd. It is an adult crowd; the law of the state says that boys and girls under 16 may not attend professional boxing or wrestling matches.

In one of the 55 seats sits an astonishingly thin man with a face like the edge of a knife and a wisp of a mustache that he keeps trying to brush away. He listens to a question and shakes his head.

"I will not give you my name," he says, "but I will give you my philosophy. I have paid \$5 to attend a program of professional wrestling because I consider the wrestling arena to be the natural refuge of the thinking man. Outside is the great absurd world in which traffic signs flash 'Don't Walk' in all directions at once and television commercials show men lathering half their faces with a recommended shaving cream and half with Brand X."

He shudders and draws the back of his hand rapidly back and forth across his knife-like face as if honing himself.

"When I left home this evening," he continues, "my brother-in-law lay fast asleep on the hide-a-bed sofa in the living room reeking of after-shave lotion. If I were a man instead of a mouse, I would throw him out, but my wife is a strong woman and would break me in two.

"Here a man can speak his mind, take his stand, applaud virtue and denounce evil."

Suddenly, there is a great roar from the wrestling crowd and the thin man jumps to his feet with the others, brandishing his fist and screaming unintelligibly. Down the aisle, lifting his feet high as if he were stepping in something unpleasant, comes a wrestler wearing a cap and gown, as for a college commencement exercise. He is attended by

a lackey who wears long hair tied in the back with a small ribbon, a style reminiscent of George Washington as a young man. The wrestler is clearly Professor Shire, described in a program note as a graduate of Northwestern University and thus, in wrestling values, entitled to preferential rank. As the Professor enters the ring, he defies his mortal foe, revealing his bleached blond hair, and the boxing mounts in volume. An unescorted young woman, wearing her hair in a ponytail, cups her hands to her mouth and yells, "G'wan home, ya bum, ya!" A fat woman in a white hat and green sweater races to ringside as if to attack the Professor, but instead she holds out an autograph book, which he signs with an evil smile. Another fat lady, wearing a flowered black dress, scurries down the aisle and stops to aim a Broward Hawkeye flash camera at the Professor, who is now mingling around the ring, lifting his feet high in the manner that infuriates the crowd.

The crowd goes are about off as if someone had turned a switch. Then, almost at once, the crowd erupts again, but this time into applause and cheers. Does the aisle come one of the heroes of the evening, Cowboy Carlson, a tall, gangling man wearing green calico slacks and a broad-brimmed hat. He, too, has bleached blond hair, but the crowd does not find it offensive. He walks with a rolling gait like a man who has just swung down from a horse. The thin man is on his feet applauding,

and the autograph seeker and the Broward camerawoman rush to their ringside stations. A distinguished-looking man in gray keeps jumping up from his seat and his wife (presumably) keeps pulling him down by the coat-tail. As the referee enters the ring, the boss mix with the cheer and the girl in the ponytail hairdo cries out with splendid impartiality: "G'wan home, ya bum, ya!"

The pattern is repeated all evening. The referee enrage the crowd with an assortment of remarkable dramatic skills. Lord Carlton of England looks at the crowd as if it were dirt. Fritz Wallick of Germany, with his monocle and Prussian haircut, compounds his hatefulness by facing the crowd and giving it a Fascist salute. The crowd becomes a lynch mob shooting blanks.

Everything is orderly, logical and proceeds according to plan. By the time the big match of the evening is announced, the thin man looks relaxed and happy, the girl in the ponytail is composed and quietly smiling. But a man leaving early passes the wrestlers' dressing room and catches a glimpse of Professor Shire sitting on a bench, cap and gown lying at his feet. He holds his bleached head in his hands. He does not look like a man who has suffered physical injury in the ring. What he looks like is a man who has been happy in the evening's charade and now dreads to face the great, absurd world outside.

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CANNONADE AT CHRISTCHURCH

Few Americans can watch cricket being played without concluding that a bunch of baseball players—the audience often visualize themselves in the starring roles—could step in and reduce the game to shambling. This, alas, is not quite so, as a good many second-base men have discovered over the years. But there are exceptions to prove every rule, and it is difficult not to suggest a short cheer in reporting that the crew of U.S. Navy Tanker T.O.G. 70 (which is operating in the



South Pacific as an adjunct of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition) went ashore recently at Christchurch, New Zealand, 1) observed cricket being played, 2) concluded that they could do better and 3) surrounded and delighted the local cricket fans by defeating the White Swan Wanderers, a team of first-class players, by three runs.

The game was an unusual one in several ways. For one thing the players were oddly garbed; some of them wore borrowed cream-colored flannels, but most showed up in blue Navy pants and T-shirts. They set out to hit home runs rather than to guard the wicket and demonstrated a native tendency to dust the New Zealand batters off when it was their turn to bowl. Both teams drank New Zealand beer after the fall of every third wicket, and the White Swan Wanderers seemed to alternate between fear of their lives and helpless laughter as the fray progressed. Even so, one of the country's ablest cricket writers, Richard T. Brittan, was unable to repress a note of genuine awe in his account of the invaders' muscular play.

"The Christchurch team," he wrote, "batted first and scored 118. This total would have been much more modest had it not been for the refusal of the American wicket keeper, Boston Burnett, to wear pads or more than one glove, and the insistence of most of the batters on throwing the ball at fearful velocity on the concrete pitch. The spectators were delighted with this cannoside . . . and with the long throwing of the visitors [a reference to outfielding] but appalled to find that from time to time they seemed to have

abandoned shots at the wickets for the excitement of human prey. They threw fast and straight and tremendous distances and it may be that the fielding was responsible, indirectly, for the slowness with which some of the batsmen got themselves out.

"The Americans between refused to accept the rites of padding up. Almost every one of them retreated to a position perhaps a foot outside the leg stump, held the bat out straight-armed, like a golf club, and then raised it to the ready with an air of expectancy. The Americans . . . had no Washington to lead them . . . but they did have Boston Williams and Boston Townbridge and they were obviously equal to . . . any . . . cricketing occasion. One avid spectator said he had not in 30 years of cricket seen such a variety of strokes and some sort of reverence is certainly due a batsman who can make a vicious right hook at a ball outside his off stump and score six at very fine leg. There was, too, Williams' running between the wickets; he made his ground with tremendous energy, but insisted on doing a right turn round the back of the stumps before setting off on the return journey.

" . . . Last evening the Americans had their success as compensation for stiff limbs and sore hands. The Americans won, and won with a final flourish worthy of one of their own films."

DILEMMA WITH HORNS

OLD TRADITIONS allow many of Canada's native tribesmen a more liberal use of wild game than the paleface, but the laws still frown on market hunting. So the Province of Ontario has decided that a 26-year-old Indian named Howard Stevens went too far when he used a dead moose as down payment on a Chevrolet. A provincial court fined Stevens \$100 and fined an auto dealer \$290. The moose was confiscated by the Crown. Stevens drove his automobile back to the used car lot, and his fellow Ojibwa Reserve Indians sadly canceled plans for shooting more down payments.

GOAL OF THE WEEK

IN THE final moments of the Arsenal-Blackpool soccer game, with Arsenal leading 4-0, a whistle sounded. Dennis Evans, Arsenal left back, thinking the game was over, gleefully booted the ball toward his own goal.曹 Sal-Hein, Arsenal goalie, reaching down to pick up his cap, grinned and let the ball go by. Players shook hands and started off the field. The referee called them back. Seems no official had blown the whistle, but some spectator had.

Arsenal was anyway, 4-1, with all hands agreeing that a chap should never take anything for granted.

SPECTACLE

REPORT FROM UNDERGROUND

New explorers prove an old cave is the world's longest

This week at the annual meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science in Atlanta, Ga., a handful of the country's best cave explorers delivered some big news. In Kentucky, in the far reaches of Crystal Cave, they had connected with two adjacent caves, and this whole cave system now proved longer than any known. This announcement came after two years of hard and grimy work, as cavers like Roger Brucker and David Jones (opposite) pushed cautiously further into the labyrinth. Though in two years they have worked through 32 miles of crisscrossing tunnels, tight ratholes, cracks, pits and mile-long canyons, along the tangled routes there are still more than 100 unexplored holes leading somewhere. Few scientists even can appreciate the effort of hard caving, or the adventure of it, but in the minds of many this news of Crystal Cave would surely stir up an old memory of Floyd Collins, who found the first mile of this labyrinth and died trying to find more.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT BALM





THE FISHHOOK CRAWL.

Three miles inside the cave the explorers squish for 60 feet through a hole 16 inches high. At the far end of this "fishhook"—so called because it is lined with cave-organs

rods that tear at the skin and clothing—each cave explorer must grasp a sharp protrusion and swing himself 12 feet down the sheer, mud-slick wall of an organ pit.

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT

On the main route a floor crack suddenly widens into a black void. Roger Brucker (below) leads a party to a near-dead end on a ledge 50 feet above the bottom of this

"bottomless" pit. To go on, the cavers lean across this void, press their hands against the opposite wall (below, right) and inch sideways until the chasm narrows again.

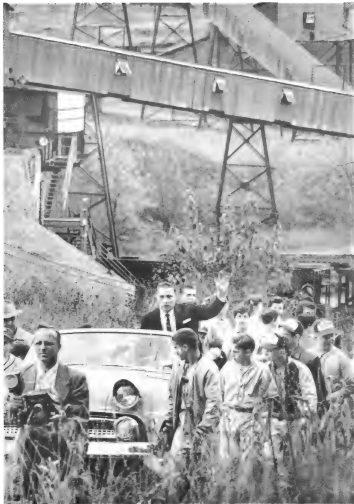




CLOSE CALL IN THE RIVER

Crossing a mud bridge four miles inside the cave, Roger Brucker slips and falls into an underground river. After struggling for 10 seconds under a ledge, Brucker finally

feels the opening again and hangs on. As Caver Bill Austin leans over to assist him, a cloud of steam condensing from warmth of their bodies hangs in the dank cave air.



THE YEAR, THE MOMENT AND JOHNNY PODRES

There was no Roger Bannister in 1955, towering above the crowded field of sport like an Everest, but there was a yellow-haired youngster from the Adirondacks who provided sport's most rousing moment of the year—and its most significant

by ROBERT CREAMER

The ninth was Johnny Podres' Goring. The anticipation of victory rode on every pitch. The first batter tapped the ball back to the pitcher's mound and Johnny, plucking the ball from the netting of his glove, threw him out. In Yankee Stadium 42,990 people leaped forward to watch Johnny Podres face the next man. He raised an easy fly to left field and was out. (Fifty million or so TV watchers were holding their breath now too.) The third man took a called strike (the stadium crowd exploded with noise), took a ball, swung and missed (an explosion from coast to coast), took a second ball high, fouled one, fouled another. The Brooklyn Dodgers infield moved restlessly, forgetting. Podres threw again, a big, fat, arrogant changeup that the batter tapped on the ground. After a half century of waiting the Brooklyn Dodgers were champions of the world.

THE GRANDFATHER of Johnny Podres climbed out of the mines of czarist Russia and came to America in 1904, the year after Cy Young and the Boston Red Sox beat Hans Wagner and the Pittsburgh Pirates in the first World Series. The chances are excellent that Barney Podres had never heard of Cy Young or Hans Wagner, or of the Boston Red Sox or the Pittsburgh Pirates, or of the World Series, or even, for that matter, of baseball. He was 24, and he had been working in the mines for 18 years.

In America he found his way to an iron-mining community in upstate New York in the rough foothills of the Adirondacks near Lake Champlain, married a Lithuanian girl and took his broad back and big hands down into the mines again. Forty-six years, two wives and eight children later he came out of the mines for the last time.

Now he sits in his weather-beaten house in the company village of Witherbee, N.Y., ailing from "the silica," the miner's disease, his great hands folded. His story is neither

rare nor extraordinary; it has been repeated in one form or another in millions of American families. But it has a close relationship to the reasons why *SENATORS ILLUSTRATED* this week salutes the old man's grandson as its second Sportsman of the Year, to succeed Roger Bannister as the one person—of the millions active in sports all over the world in 1955—who was most significant of the year past.

For in the old man's lifetime sports has grown from a minor diversion for a leisurely handful of people to a preoccupying influence in almost every country on earth.

Consider Joe Podres, son of old Barney and father of Johnny, the Sportsman of the Year. Like his father, he went down into the mines in his youth. But working conditions in the mines have improved, like working conditions almost everywhere, and a man has more time that is his own. Joe Podres spent a good deal of his free time playing baseball. He worked all week and played ball on Sundays, or whenever the local team could schedule a game. He was a twilight semiprofessional pitcher for 25 years, until he reluctantly retired three years ago at the age of 43. Sports earned him no money to speak of ("Eight dollars in eight years," is one family joke about it), but the competition and the pride of victory over a quarter century did a great deal to offset the exacting drudgery that goes with simply digging iron ore. And it provided the key that opened the way for his son to make come true a modern version of one of those old legends of beggars and kings and gold pots in the cabbage patch that were told for centuries by miners, farmers, peasants and other wishful Old World dreamers.

Today, even the dream is different. It does not deal with bryer bags becoming kings, or knights on white chargers. The boy kicks a football along Goetz Street and imagines himself leading the winning goal for Spanish in

continued on next page

HOME TO WITHERBEE, N.Y., the mining town where he learned baseball from his minor father, coach Johnny Podres, hero of the World Series.



SAMMIE HAINS
FLEETER OF YEAR

DONALD CAMPBELL
SWIFTEST ON THE WATER

GENERAL MURLEY
COURAGEOUS HORSMAN

ROCKY MARCIANO
UNBEATEN CHAMPION

PAUL ANDERSON
WEIGHT LIFTER EXTRAORDINAIRE

JACKIE ROBINSON
FIERY COMPETITOR

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

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Dynamos Studious in Moscow. He belts a barley ball along the rich turf with a stroke of Irish ash and thinks how grand it would be to Crake Park in Dublin during the All-Ireland title for Cork. He stands on the edge of a street in a village in Provence as the Tour de France wheels by and sees himself pedaling into Parc des Princes Stadium in Paris, miles ahead of Louison Bobet. He throws a ball against the battered side of a house and dreams of pitching Brooklyn to victory in the World Series.

Johnny Podres, with three other high school boys, drove out of Witherbee in August 1948, and 245 miles south to New York City to see the Brooklyn Dodgers play a baseball game with the Boston Braves. It was the first major league game Johnny Podres had ever seen.

"We sat way up in the upper-left-field stands," Podres recalls. "Newcombe was pitching. The Dodgers had the same guys they have now: Robinson, Reese, Campy, Hodges, Parille, Snider. I've always been a Brooklyn fan, and that day I made up my mind, I'm going to pitch for Brooklyn."

Johnny planned to see the Dodgers play again the next day but it rained, and the day after that when the Dodgers were playing again, some other youngster was sitting in the upper-left-field stands daydreaming of playing in the majors. John Podres was back in Witherbee, still a high school kid rooting for Brooklyn. While the Dodgers went on playing, winning and losing pennants, John Podres went on to become captain of his high school basketball team, to pitch his high school team to its league championship,

to date, to dance, to hunt deer in the hills outside of town, to fish through the ice of Lake Champlain in the winter.

Then the major league scouts came around and the dream began to come true for John Joseph Podres. Two or three clubs were interested in him for their minor league farm clubs, but for one reason or another John did not sign. His father says, "I think he was just waiting for Brooklyn to come along." Come along they did, and Johnny signed a contract and, in 1951, went off to the Dodgers' farm system. He won 21 and lost five in his first year, later caught the eye of Dodger Manager Charley Dressen and in 1953 was indeed pitching for Brooklyn in a World Series. That, however, was far from being the magic moment, because young Podres was driven from the mound by the New York Yankees, who were beating Brooklyn again, for the fifth time in five World Series meetings.

John Podres is on good terms with luck, however, despite a chronic bad back and a midsection appendectomy. Last fall, as most of the world knows, he got a second try at immortality. Fittingly enough, it was on his 23rd birthday. Brooklyn had lost the first two games of the World Series—and Johnny himself had not finished a game since early summer—but he was the right man in the right place that day. The Yankees could not rattle him, nor could they connect solidly against his arrogant blend of fast balls and lazy-looking slow ones. The Dodgers not only won that game but the next two to take the lead in the Series and approach the brink of incredible victory.

Then they lost the sixth game, woefully. People in Brooklyn were saying, "those bum," and not in tones of rough affection. Rather it was an expression of heartbroken anger

1955 A MEMORABLE YEAR

DRAWING BY ROBERT RIECH



BABE ZAHARIAS
SPONSORED HEROINE

JUAN PERON
MASTER OF MOTOR LARS

STEVE GORMAN
THE PROFESSIONAL PEB

EDDIE AARONS
KING OF THE JERSEYS

JULIUS ROSENBERG
ROSENBERG REFORMATION

RAY ROBINSON
BE-NAME BAY

and frustration, that they should have come so close only to lose again. They had always lost to the Yankees in the World Series. They had always lost to everybody in the World Series. They were losing now. They would all vaporous.

At this propitious moment the grandson of old Barney Podres stopped forward, bowed to the audience and promptly became the hero of the year. It was the setting of the dream of glory, and Johnny Podres knew exactly what to do. He beat the Yankees for a second time, shut them out without a run in that old graveyard of Brooklyn hopes, Yankee Stadium itself. Johnny Podres pitched with his own shut. The explosive noise of the crowd, the taunts of the Yankee bench never got through to him. "I guess I didn't really hear the noise," says Johnny, "until I came up to bat in the ninth." By that time the noise was for Johnny Podres, pitcher, and it was time for him to hear it.

In winning—and this was, in retrospect, the most exciting and fascinating thing about the Series—Johnny became the personification, the living realization of the forgotten ambitions of thousands and even millions of on-lookers who had pitched curves against the sides of their own houses and evoked similar visions of glory, only to end up at the wheel of a truck or behind a desk in an office. What was happening transcended any game, or any sport . . .

. . . The Russian more often than not ends up in a factory turning out heavy machinery for the state; he keeps his emotions under control until he can get to his seat high up on the side of Dneprostroy Stadium where he can puff his heart out for Sputnik. The Frisian puts his barley stick away and trends dutifully to the farm, except when he can get down to Clark City to shoot for Clark against Tiy or

Linsrick. The Frenchman uses his cycle only to ride back and forth from home to shop to café; but the day the Tour goes through his village he's back on the curb again, watching, watching, as the wheels fly by. Dreams die hard.

And so, when the country boy from the small mining village stands alone on the mound in Yankee Stadium in the most demanding moment of one of the world's few truly epic sports events, and courageously, skillfully pitches his way to a success as complete, melodramatic and extravagant as that ever dreamed by any boy, the American chapter of the International Order of Frustrated Dreamers rises as one man and roars its recognition.

There were others in the world of sport eminently fitted for the robes of Sportsman of the Year.

Bander Ilaros set five world records in 1955, astounding records that left track and field agape. Donald Campbell kept faith with the memory of his father by circumnavigating earth after setback to drive his jet-propelled hydroplane to the fastest speed ever achieved on water. Humberto Martin ignored the excruciating pain of a cracked coccyx to execute with matchless grace the superb rides necessary for Mexico to win the International Jumping Championship. Rocky Marciano broadened his omnipotent rule over heavyweight boxing. Paul Anderson performed Buranque feats of weight lifting that evoked admiration and applause even in Russia. Aging Jackie Robinson retained the fiery spirit of the competitor sufficiently to fight an exciting spark of success under his Brooklyn teammates during the pennant race and again in the World Series. Mrs. Mildred (Babe) Didrikson Zaharias brought great credit

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to sport by the courage, serenity and bright good humor she displayed in the face of a terrifying attack of cancer. Juan Fangio combined magnificent will and cold, practical courage to drive racing cars faster than anyone else in the world. Otto Graham came out of the ease of retirement to lead the desperate Cleveland Browns to yet another magnificent season. Eddie Arcore rode a horse as well as over a horse can be ridden. Julius Holland quietly and efficiently dedicated himself to the August task of cleaning up boxing. Ray Robinson wrote a brilliant chapter of climax to the most dramatic career-

back in the history of boxing. And dozens of others, with names like Cassidy, Tabert, Alston, Russell, Sewell, Bengel . . . the list is endless if you listen to the sincere arguments from every part of the world of sport.

But nowhere else in that vast, heterogeneous and wonderful world did such a moment exist in 1955 as that of the seventh game of the World Series. Nowhere else did a man do what he had to do as well as Johnny Podres did that day. Nowhere else in all the world did sports mean as much to so many people as it did the day John Podres beat the Yankees. E. W. S.

1955'S TRIUMPHS REVISITED

The golfer of his time, an unbeaten heavyweight and a big hay roll made a part of the year's sports miscellany book

by ALFRED WRIGHT

FOR SOME SPORTSMEN the moment of great achievement comes in front of the tense crowd when the next pitch, the final burst of speed or the harrowing putt will decide a great struggle. For others it arrives in solitude—in a far-off mountain stream or at dawn in a damp and lonely duckblind. After a shoot in Georgia a few weeks ago, Adlai Stevenson interrupted his pursuit of the presidency to deliver one of 1955's most eloquent tributes to the excitement and beauty of the hunt.

"I've seen two marvelous things in nature in my life," Stevenson told a friend. "One was a flock of 8,000 Canada geese on the move from Horseshoe Lake to the Mississippi flyway. They would sail right over the gravel beds, and the eastern sun would light up their underbellies and give them a faint pink color. At the same time I could hear thousands of wings beating.

"But near to the geese, the second-best thing I've seen was that flight of ducks this morning. The ducks would go over the tops of the trees and come down through them. It was a thick kind of a jungle, and you had to shoot fast between the trees. It was different from any shooting I had done before, and it was very exciting. What a wonderful sight that was this morning—that flight of ducks!"

Yet it is the man performing before the multitude who draws the applause, and as it was that the public's sports-

men for 1955 were those who did the things they could see and read about. From New Year's Day to New Year's Eve, there was scarcely a week—sometimes hardly a day—when some performing sportsman failed to electrify and astonish the measureless audience that follows and cheers its heroes.

As 1955 began basketball had already arrived with the name of Tom Gola leading all the rest. Thin, tall, quiet, graceful young man, then in his senior year at La Salle College in Philadelphia, appeared in 1955's sports arena with two previous All-America ratings to his name. For the third straight season he proved that there is nothing he can't do on a basketball court with exquisite precision. He left no measurements in the record book, but he led his team into the NCAA playoffs and all the way to the championship finals against San Francisco University in Kansas City.

Towering among the San Francisco players was Bill Russell, 6 feet 9½ inches of chocolate-colored awkwardness—until he started to play. Then he was a leaping, reaching, bounding master of the basketball. The final score was 77-63 for San Francisco, and all of a sudden Bill Russell, not Tom Gola, was college basketball's player of the year.

The Detroit Red Wings dominated the National Hockey League for the seventh straight year, but the violence and passion of the game was still the monopoly of the second-place Montreal

Canadiens and their trio of unshakable Habitués: Maurice (Rocket) Richard, Boom Boom Geoffrion and Jean Beliveau.

Characteristically, it was the Rocket who launched 1955's most almost any year's wildest sporting frenzy. Several nights after the Rocket was suspended by NHL President Clarence Campbell after a skull-cracking session in Boston, the Canadiens returned to their home ice, and the mere sight of President Campbell entering the arena started 14,000 Montreal fans on a riot that spilled out into the streets of the city. By the time it was over, Montreal looked as if it had been through a Martin and Lewis comedy. After the air and the ice were cleared of the 1955 season, the Rocketless Canadiens were in second place, and, as usual, they dropped the Stanley Cup to Detroit.

When Roger Bannister, the 1954 Sportsman of the Year, combined with Australia's John Landy to break the seemingly impenetrable barrier of the four-minute mile, it seemed inevitable that 1955's track and field season would be an antithesis. But Wes Santee began the year with a series of indoor duels against Gunnar Nielsen, Denmark's foremost middle-distance runner, and it seemed as if these two might make track history. Running before packed arenas they each broke the world indoor mile record—first Santee in 4:08.8, then Nielsen in 4:08.8, but the four-minute barrier remained intact.

Spring was coming. The winter-bound were moving out of doors to test their tennis rackets, golf clubs and fishing rods. The remaining whack of ash against horsehide was drifting northward on the breezes from Florida training camps to tell of fire and a half month of baseball to come. But before baseball could monopolize the spotlight there were two hallowed spring rituals to be observed: the Kentucky Derby and the Indianapolis "500."

The 1955 Derby provided very little suspense on the track itself. William Woodward's big bay, Nashua, champion 2-year-old of the previous year, had already disposed of Summer Tan in one eastern race, and the only other likely contender was a chestnut colt

SE'S PORTRAIT OF THE YEAR IN SPORTS

The pictures on the next five pages catch memorable moments of the year



BAT, RUNNER AND UMP, caught in freeze-instant tableau, recall Harold 1954 as Yankee's Mickey Mantle (deporting bat) streaks for first base while Teammate Kinslow heads home.



HIGH SPIRIT at Peim suggests later victory over Naval Academy.

from California with the silly name of Swaps. Not only that, but Nashua would be carrying the peerless Eddie Arcaro, in his 26th year of riding, the greatest money-winning jockey of all time (more than \$13,000,000). Swaps might look good for a mile or so, but he would never stand up to the frisk of the big colt from Boldair Stud.

Swaps went to the front as promised and, true to his style, Nashua bided his time. At the top of the backstretch Arcaro had Nashua ahead of the pack and was making his run at Swaps. The California allowed Nashua to draw almost even, but when Nashua should have started his final drive, the drive was not there. It was Swaps, not

Nashua, who pulled ahead to win the wreath of roses.

Was it a fluke? While Californians gleefully trumpeted that at last they had bred the horse of the century, the rest of the country began to ask for a rematch. It came about—at Chicago's Washington Park on August 31—and Nashua, under Arcaro's masterful guidance, evened the score by such a convincing margin that turf writers unhesitatingly named him Horse of the Year. Carried along in the glory of this Race of the Year, Nashua's two partners—81-year-old Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and 33-year-old Eddie Arcaro—certainly qualified as 1955's foremost trainer and jockey.

The Derby and the "500"—two indispensable climaxes to the sports of spring. This year it was handsome Bob Swickert, at 23 a comparative youngster at the wheel, who won the victor's kiss from Dinah Shore at Indianapolis and later went on to separate Jim Bryan from the AAA championship on the dirt tracks, but his victory at the "brickyard" was sadly overshadowed by the death of Bill Vukovich, the 1954 winner, killed early in the race.

Sports car drivers also had their share of 1955's racing tragedies. A bare two weeks after the "500," all Europe was stunned by the great disaster at Le Mans. There, in the third hour, a

continued on next page

MAN ALONE in the cloud-shadowed Caribbean epitomizes world of sport for which there are no daily headlines.



BOXING'S PICTURE OF THE YEAR catches triumphant Carmen Basile belted high while vanquished Tony DeMarco lies unconscious.





WINNER and old champion, Heavyweight Boxer Max Baer goes over striker Archie Moore after ninth-round knockout in Yankee Stadium.



WHITE HOUSE conference, called by the President in June, brought together 32 leading athletes and sportsmen

1955'S TRIUMPHS REVISITED

continued from page 25

confusion of cars in front of the pits catapulted the engine of Piero Levegh's Mercedes into the packed holiday crowd, killing the driver and 80 fans. The smoke of this wreckage cast its pall over the whole sports car season and caused Mercedes-Benz to withdraw its teams from the sport it had so dramatically dominated over the year. Juan Manuel Fangio, a seemingly nerveless Argentine, had been Mercedes' star driver, and he again established his rating as the champion of the world's grand prix drivers.

By early summer the baseball season

was taking shape, with a fine harvest of fresh stars. Among them were Al Kaline, 20-year-old Detroit right fielder who would go on to become the youngest winner of the American League batting title; Herb Score, Cleveland's blazing left-hander who would lead the league in strikeouts; Shortstop Billy Klucn, who would help keep the youthful Red Sox within reach of the league lead until the last weeks of the season. And then there was Casey Stengel and the Yankees—yes, those same Yankees—who, having finally lost a pennant in 1954, were again leading the league.

The year of baseball, however, belonged to the game's historic incurable also-rans, the Brooklyn Dodgers. Hardly a new face was visible in the lineup of old graybeards who had been making it a habit to win the National League pennant and then drop the World Series to the Yankees. Pee Wee Reese, Jackie Robinson, Gil Hodges, Duke Snider, Carl Furillo, Roy Campanella, Don Newcombe, Carl Erskine—the same old faces. But when it came World Series time in 1955, and the Yankees were again in the opposite dugout, somebody changed the script. His name was Johnny Podres, and the miracle he performed in turning the Dodgers from bridesmaids into brides,

GOOD WILL MISSIONS, sponsored by the State Department, sent leading athletes abroad to teach their specialties. Here Mal

Whitfield, two-time Olympic 400-meter champion, takes a group of young Africans on a photocentric run to improve their circle.





In diacron American physical fitness. The President was upset by the report that U.S. youth were growing soft.



PAN-AMERICAN games were opened by native Mexican runner in Mexico City, where photographers posed him with symbolic torch of victory.

from also-ers to world champions of 1955, elevated this young man to Sportsman of the Year.

AN INTERRUPTED DRINK

It was June in San Francisco, and Ben Hogan was on the fairways for a crack at his fifth U.S. Open title. At the end of his fourth round Hogan trudged to the locker room with a score of 287, plenty good enough to win, and sat down for a drink. Suddenly there was a roar from the gallery outside, and Hogan sensed the worst. Jack Fleck, an angular, unknown lowan, had finished with a blazing 67 to gain a playoff.

The next day belonged to youth, with 32-year-old Jack Fleck three shots

better than Hogan when the round was over. Wearily, Ben Hogan, the gallor of the generation but not of 1955 when no one could really claim the honor, packed his bags for home and retirement. "I want to keep around the fellows," he explained. "I want to be one of the boys at the country club. I want to be a part of golf. But I'm not going to work this hard at it again."

News of incredible new running records drifted in from Europe throughout the summer. Mostly they were the work of three outwandering Hungarians—Sándor Iharos, László Tabari and István Benczevölgyi. In a meet in Leyden, Tabari won a mile race in which the first three finishers broke the four-

minute barrier. In setting five new world records at distances from 1,500 to 5,000 meters, Iharos took 12.2 seconds off the old standard for three miles, running it in 12:40.5. Together the three were responsible for 18 new world marks, giving fair notice that next year's Olympic Games in Melbourne will by no means be a Russian-U.S. dual meet.

It was a year in which the short-lived Geneva Spirit of international good will was felt in sport, especially between Russians and Americans. Paul Anderson, the 350-lb. human dumping who shattered all known weight-lifting records, visited Russia with fellow

continued on next page

NASHUA'S trophy for victory in the match race over Scraps, living, unlike to his owners and Jockey Aramis.



GOLFER INK (left), swinging down an Augusta fairway with Billy Joe Patton and Cary Michelson (right), practices keeping his left arm stiff.





FACES IN THE CROWD at baseball game in Briggs Stadium, Detroit, reflect the worry, delight, chaos and gloom of the year's baseball rounds everywhere.



DAVIS CUP helps come from Australians Hood and Hartzog after doubles win at Kew Gardens.

1955'S TRIUMPHS REVISITED

continued from page 40

strongmen and was treated like a cross-animal at a bobby-sox picnic. It looked as if sports and politics were getting an overdue divorce behind the Iron Curtain.

It was autumn before the boxing fan began to get his fixings. Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore, a grandfather as ring years go, finally stepped into the ring at Yankee Stadium with Rocky Marciano. He was there now only because Al Weill, Rocky's manager, could find no more heat-up punching bags like Don Cockrell, whom the heavyweight champ had brutally clubbed in May.

Archie put Rocky on the floor in the second round, and for six more rounds it was the kind of contest that has made much great fight history—a brilliant boxer against a brutal slugger. The slugger finally won when Archie went down to stay in the ninth round. Looming over his dazed opponent while 61,000 cheered, Rocky said what the whole world felt: "You made a great fight, Archie, and the crowd loved it."

Nothing quite startled the boxing world like an evening in Chicago in early September. Sugar Ray Robinson, 35 and washed up after two and a half

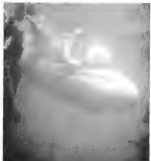
years in retirement as a song-and-dance man, had spent 1955 painfully trying a comeback. All he found was pity until he faced Babe Olson that night for the middleweight title. In the second round the old Sugar Ray flared briefly, but it was enough. Olson went down for the count, and Sugar Ray had disproved boxing's favorite adage: they never come back. He had returned all right, in 1955's Comeback of the Year.

The warring months of the year belonged, as they always do, to football. The familiar powerhouses of previous years were still in command—Michigan, Michigan State and Ohio State in the Midwest's Big Ten; UCLA and USC on the Pacific Coast; Oklahoma

EYES OF WONDER peer under roof of futuristic baseball park as Walter O'Malley (of the Dodgers, center) inspects Princeton-built model.



WIDENS OF THE DEEP—quest in steel, two-man, gas-powered sub that vastly widens range of underwater travel.





UCLA STEAMROLLER, which dominated the Pacific Coast, rolls over USC in final victory en route to the Rose Bowl. Star Tailback

Sam Brown is here surrounded by four blockers in one kind of play that restored single-wing progress football to former favor.

in the Southwest; Maryland in the East; and, of course, Notre Dame. After 10 weeks only two of the major teams were still unbeaten—Oklahoma and Maryland, and they must play it out in the Orange Bowl at Miami.

Football's pros were at it too in the most lucrative of their 33 years. Before the season started, Quarterback Otto Graham of the Cleveland Browns, whose nine illustrious and body-breaking years had earned him a rest, had said: "I haven't changed my mind about retiring." But early in the year he heard a call of distress from Coach Paul Brown and responded. Graham led the Browns to the head of their league and clearly earned the title of

pro football's Man of 1955. He also said he would retire.

It was tragedy, however, that removed some other great figures from the sporting scene. In October William Woodward Jr., Nashua's handsome and popular owner, was killed in a shooting accident at home when his wife mistook him for a prowler. Mildred (Babe) Dorrison Zaharias, the finest women athlete of all time, was again hospitalized with recurring cancer, and her truly fabulous career seemed at an end.

The sporting year produced a number of distinguished visitors. For instance, Donald Campbell, son of England's pioneer in speed, brought his

jet-driven Streaker to Nevada and set a new world's record on water: 216.2 mph. From Mexico came General Humberto Mariles, a great equestrian, to compete at Madison Square Garden. Despite the pain from a broken coccyx and without anesthetic, General Mariles rode his jumpers through the most trying events of the eight-day show and took home the highest honors. For sheer grit, no sportsman of 1955 could touch him.

Like all years, 1955 brought triumph, fun, mischance, courage, acclaim and tragedy to the sportsman of the world. Also, it brought bright promises for 1956, the year of the XVI Olympiad. (L.S.P.)

HOGAN'S LAST LAP at U.S. Open is a sad moment as the old master trudges to retirement.



CLAM DIGGERS at Pismo Beach on California's broad, mooncalf-trimmed shore form a tableau of youthful enthusiasm and aged serenity while having some fun.



CLASSICS

Sleek and powerful automobiles from a golden age of motoring are coming off the junk yards and onto the roads in glistening and ever-increasing numbers

by **KENNETH RUDEEN**

OWNING A CLASSIC CAR, reflected one automobile lover the other day, is a little like playing the horses. Having been hooked hard in the current widespread revival of interest in restoring and driving the beautifully turned-out vehicles of the decade and a half before World War II (shown in color on the following pages), this enthusiast discovered that his new possession was exhilarating but demanding, and that he dared not disclose to his wife how much time and money he was spending on it. Such dissembling is not necessarily typical of the classic car enthusiast. It is, however, a key to the zest with which a big new crop of collectors is poking through the nation's automobile graveyards, hiding it up at estate auctions and soon—*being classified ads.*

The golden age of motoring, this new breed maintains, was the period between 1925 and 1942, and the classic car was the luxurious, usually custom-styled, powerful and dependable headliner of that era. The dates are not hard and fast. British Rolls-Royces and Spanish Hispano-Suizas, to name two makes, were providing luxurious and dependable transportation in classic equipages before 1925. That year, however, is generally taken to mark the time by which problems of fuel feed, ignition, braking and tires had mostly been licked, and after which the great coachmakers executed some of their most famous vehicles.

Whether it was the stately conveyance of a society matron or a playboy's rakish runabout, the classic car tended to be of great length. Behind the massive radiator was an engine compartment of imposing size. The wheels, which were considered objects of intrinsic beauty, were not covered up. Spare wheels were side- or rear-mounted as an integral part of overall design. The front wheels were set right up forward with the radiator to communicate a sense of urgency. The fender line was long and sweeping. And interior decoration was lavishly conceived—bars and vanity cases adorned

many a wood-paneled tonneau, and refrigerators were not unheard of.

Collecting cars is not new, but until recently much of the emphasis has been on curiosities. This is true no longer. The classic car man does not want to get out and get under when he is on the road; he is convinced that his machine not only is the best looking ever but also one of superlative and utterly reliable performance. He enjoys the sport of searching out the car of his choice (and the numerous, usually winning parts), of restoring it to prime (the technical word is "mint") condition, showing it in competition and parading it before bug-eyed fellow townsmen. Picture Mrs. Leonard Hall Jr. of Cleveland, for instance, driving up to the supermarket in the elegant maroon Duesenberg that Geeta Garbo once owned (see page 35). The stir this creates is one of the collector's tangible rewards.

It is a stir that also delights the Classic Car Club of America, a fledgling group that is crisply asserting its identity and its right to a label which sets it apart from the clutter of older or overlapping antique, veteran, Edwardian and vintage-car-fancying organizations. Three years ago, in its bootstrap-tugging days, the club had only 80 members, some of whom were recruited by devotees who spotted likely cars and traced the tags through license bureaus. Today it has 1,300 members representing 2,000 cars (some have extensive collections, others only a photograph of a car and a dream), and club officers confidently predict that the roster will be doubled in 1966. They also confidently expect at least a thousand new variations on the theme of just what makes a classic car; one of the

(Not continued on page 37)

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PRESENTS ON THE FOLLOWING EIGHT PAGES A COURT-TO-COURT GALLERY OF CLASSIC CARS PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE DEAN, JOHN DODDINS, ELIOT ELISHCO, PETER STAFFORD AND JOHN A. STEINMAN



PACKARD 7 Sedan, Victoria, topped from "absolute junk" to glowing elegance for Mrs Allen, Los Angeles car dealer.

convertible, 265 hp and exceeds 100 mph. One of the most powerful and luxurious of all American cars, it cost \$19,000 in 1932.



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL, last of the classic cars, was considered such a "fine piece of sculpture" by Warren Covier that he

etched in a urbane crop from his Newtown, Pa. farm and a station wagon for this 1941 convertible, which has run 89,000 miles.

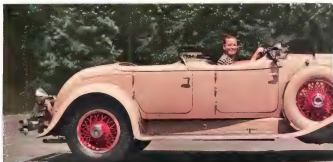
FORD EAGLE four cylinder, built in Buffalo in 1933 with a Le Baron body, has been in the family of Phil Hill, Santa

Monica, Calif. racing driver, since it was new. Distinguished by its well-remembered headlight, it is a constant prize winner.





Packard 12-cylinder roadster, a 1933 revival of the twin six of the early 1920s, was a \$60 find (original price: \$4,500) for E. Charles Lust, an Alhambra, Calif., garage owner, who knows of only three like it remaining in the U.S. The \$60 was just a starter. "I put \$2,500 and two and a half years of my spare time into it," said Lust, whose labors included applying 18 coats of lacquer.





CADILLAC: dual-cyl pheton, a 1935 V-8, has an unusual but weathered brown, tan and black finish. Owner Russell Gage, a Janesville, Wis. manufacturing executive, and his son Bill spent some 1,000 hours on reconditioning. On the road the powerful roar of its exhaust is such that Mrs. Gage once thought the car was doing nearly 84 mph until a policeman ordered them into the slow lane.



THUNDERBOLT: 37 Turbels, a solid, supercharged 336-hp pheton with coachwork by Weyman, was built for motor car tycoon E. L. Cord in 1934. George Lamberton of Hinsdale, Ill., who bought it in 1954, says he has accelerated to 88 mph in second gear. The huge eight-cylinder engine makes the front seat uncomfortably hot, but the car boasts an affluence, stop watch and tachometer.



PACKARD phantom of 1926, with custom styling by Dietrich and Super 8 engine, leased early by S. Phillip-Stern, Westwood,

N.J. A television engineer, he paid \$150 for the car, covered the auction for parts and spent \$2,000 more for remodeling.

CHRYSLER Le Baron phantom, a long, low 1932 model built at a loan to crack the prestige market, served as a vehicle for Charlie





CADILLAC roadster, a 16-cylinder runabout built for Samuel Insull in 1930, has been hubbed ever since. Bought at auction

by S. J. McDonald, Clinton, Iowa, it has a 148-inch wheelbase, original paint, fitted luggage in trunk and a golf-bag compartment.

Chaplin in *The Great Dictator*. A rare car, it was picked up by Robert Gottlieb, a Los Angeles lawyer, for only \$255 in 1943.





Ford 1934 Super Coupe Roadster was found in near perfect condition at an auction by William Ward of Clinton, Iowa, who

had to replace only the battery. A 1936 model, it narrowly won the 1995 Grand Classic Trophy, over the stylish Duesen below.



Duesenberg J dual cowl phaeton, an \$15,000 (then for Tommy Manville in 1936), is one of a pair whose ownership was conserved

by Walter Murphy. In Pasadena. Restored by C. Richard Bell, Laureldale, Pa., it has a gold-plated dash, downranging rear cowl,

1936 Duesenberg Speedster is a 1945-built 184 mph sports model designed by Gordon Buehler and powered by a 1946p straight-

eight supercharged Incoming engine. Jerry Whitaker of Penn Yan, N.Y., spent 15 months restoring it to prize-winning form.





PACKARD SEDAN: Pack Sedan owner, American-built in Pack plant at Springfield, Mass. in 1925, was retained for Stanley Tarnopol.

a Philadelphia barber, with white kid shoes, trunk and spring seats, white fur tonneau rug and burnished aluminum hood.



PACKARD SEDAN: landing by Ferruccio and Harris at Paris provided locomotion in the grass runner for Greta Garbo. Only one

duplicate was made for an Indian prince. Price new in 1935: \$26,800. In 1952 it cost Leonard Hall Jr., Cleveland, \$2,340.

STUDEBAKER: 1935 Studebaker, a superb 1935 reminder of Indianapolis' automotive heyday, has a dual-valve, double overhead cam-hub

straight-eight engine, mahogany dash, tonneau windshield. It is now in Joseph Muschio's auto museum at Greenwood Lake, N.Y.





1935 Sportman coupe (left), whose distinctive 48-front wheel drive and disappearing headlights, is a supercharged 1935 product of the diverse E. L. Cord operation at Auburn, Ind. Dr. Anthony Sineuse of Philadelphia rented the car for relaxation.

PACKED Speedster runabout (below), a sporty 1935 boasted road, is one of 10 elderly cars owned by L. Marcus Ford of Kankakee, Ill. His daughter (no fanfare of classics) used to ride on the floor rather than to use by French in so ancient a vehicle.



CLASSICS

Journal of Management Education 32(10)

attractions in joining is that a member may get into a lively debate on this issue at the same time.

"The line between the antique automobile and the classic car," said the CCCA in the first issue of its quarterly, *The Classic Car*, "is drawn darkest in the field of performance. The classicist invariably admires, may even collect and restore, antiques, but he does not feel that these lattice-framed, bicycle-built specimens ever included anything approaching a perfect car . . . The horseless carriage was at its best labeled a horse."

The question of the types and makes of cars which qualify as classics is as open to debate as what makes a classic. Every classic car collector has his own list, which he is prepared to defend with considerable vigor, but a basic roster of the makes which no compilation would leave out includes American Auburns, Brewsters, Cadillacs, Chrysler Imperials, Cords, Duesenbergs, Lincolns, Marmons, Packards, Pierce-Arrows and Stutzes; and European Bentleys, Bugattis, Dalers, Hispano-Suizas, Austin-Franchinis, Mercedes-Benzes and Rolls-Royces.

MICHAEL BROWN AND GUY

The enthusiast pays his greatest homage to the designers and coach builders who flourished in the last 1920's and lasted into the Depression. This, to be forced out finally by war and new economic men. The only American survivor of that illustrious group, which includes such names as Rollston, Brewster, Hibbard, Darrin, Murphy, Buching, Brunn, Dietrich, Kellner, Weyman, and Saatchik, is the Derham Custom Body Co. of Rosemont, Pa. The brothers James and Elmer Derham have cut their payroll from a prewar 200 to 50 and are getting along principally by modifying stock automobiles to the tastes of wealthy clients. They occasionally have an opportunity to build a car from the chassis up, as in 1947, when Ahmed Ibn Jaber, Sheik of Kuwait, ordered a red convertible sedan 21 feet 6 inches long and suitable for desert travel, but their heyday is past and they do not expect to see its like again.

The most sought-after models, naturally enough, are those of which only one or two were executed by a classic designer. In the golden age a Duesenberg chassis and engine cost \$28,500, and when a customer, after first poring over the books, picked out the skeletal car in a

temporary wider driver's seat, selected the coachwork, he could expect a \$10 for possibly another \$10,000 or more.

However, most collectors are content with models which, while displaying the technique of a fine bodymaker, were ordered in numbers by the manufacturer rather than by individual customers. Of these, Packard's were named out in the largest quantities, a fact which is reflected on the rolls of the CCCA; it is called the Packard Used Car Club by the discerning.

How does the collecting bag bite? If you ask George Lamberson, whose Daenstberg is shown on page 80, will strap his shoulders and say, "How do you get cancer?" But if you put the question to Margot Reibel, the CCCA's first female owner-driver, she will recall a moonlit night of her youth and a ride in a borrowed Packard at 95 mph. "When I found one just like it a couple of years ago," she reminisced recently, "I put my arms around it and we became engaged. It is beautiful and long and black and sleek, and riding in it is like sitting in the best chair in the bachelorette room."

Once bitten, the prospective collector is an immediate candidate for visit to the junkyard. That is where many a treasure has been found and junkmen more and more are becoming aware of the boom. Prices are going up. A remarkable rule that could be snatched up for \$25 not long ago may cost \$500 or more today.

If it is to be shown in competition, a car must be restored authentically down to the correct color and trim. The CCCA annually sponsors a dozen or so meetings at which cars are judged in as many as seven classifications: production, custom, Hot Rods, Race, other foreign makes, sports racers, Lincoln Continental and special interest. The last is a diplomatic concession to owners who show up with rare cars that officials cannot bring themselves to call classics.

Many owners do a sizable part of their restoration work themselves, needing outside help chiefly for rechromed and tapwork. For finding parts they may call on specialists like Sam Adelman of Mount Vernon, N.Y., whose duty has been a foray in unlikely hardware. Owners who are not able to take on a restoration send their machines to special shops which make a business of it. The cost, depending on the condition of the car and special difficulties involved, may vary from \$750 to more than \$1,000. Some of



NUMBER AND VARIETY of old and classic cars coming into market are indicated by classified ads from New York Times.

Enthusiasts have maintained their cars since they were new, and a few others have flinched the restoration problem by picking up handsome models at estate auctions. The most notable success in the auction category was won by William Wharf of Clinton, Iowa, who bid in a Packard of such excellent condition (see page 34) that he had to replace only the battery to win the 1935 CCCA Grand Classic Trophy—the club's top award.

Once into the field the neophyte can pick up the thread of the fanciers' intramural debates. Open vs. closed ears is the most seducing. One school maintains that only a closed ear of the formal town variety should be called classic; the other insists that only an open-tearing model deserves the label. Those of the latter persuasion draw sustenance from a line from an old Michael Arden novel: "Open as a yacht, it was a great shining bonnet, and flying over the crest of this great bonnet, as though in proud flight over the heads of scores of phantom horses, was that silver stork by which the gentle may be pleased to know that they have just escaped death beneath the wheels of a Hispano-Suiza car."

However he declares himself, the collector is likely to agree with Griffith Bergeson and Eugene Jaderquist, who salute the golden age in a new book, *Sports and Classic Cars* (Prairie-Hall, \$12.50).

"The classic car makes you a man of distinction even before you start it on its majestic journey. Anyone with his feet resting possessively on its running board is the psychological equal of a millionaire." (E.E.C.)

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



HANDLER TRIES TO LEAD COLD THROUGH BARRICADE TO SALE RING AS SPECTATORS' GENERAL INTEREST BY CURET OF EXPRESSIONS RINGS.

BLUEBLOODS AND THOROUGHBREDS

THE COUNTESS OF DERBY, for whose husband's family all Derby horses (that included) are named, talks horses with Trainer Jack Leach.



THE DUKE of Norfolk (positive) peruses catalog. An ardent horseman, the duke is retiring senior steward of the Jockey





FROM MODERATE CONCERN TO UTTER BOREDOM

European aristocracy and visiting Yanks attend England's Tattersall sales at Newmarket and buy \$2 million worth of horses

Club. At Doyle's right is Lord Hothfield, and at his left is the Honorable Mrs. George Lambton.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELIX HAN



HORSEMEN GATHER in waiting room near sale ring. On wall is painting of J. Mears. Tattersall's auction establishment at Hyde Park Corner, London in 1955.



CONTINENTAL VISITORS Mrs. Etel Flinch, husband Arpad Flinch and Baron Guy de Rothschild (right) talk over possible bids. Flinch, a former Hungarian banker now living in France,

recently bought the late John Arthur Dewar's steel in Ireland. Baron de Rothschild, head of the Paris branch of the International Banking family, is the owner of one of the Continent's top rubbers.

SECOND STEWARD of the Jockey Club and an owner-breeder, Lord Howard de Walden (left) discusses the horses offered for sale by Tattersall's with his suitably outfitted trainer, Jack Wagh.



THE HONORABLE John Jacob Astor, whose clubs include Bowdler's and Back's, gets his hand to cheek in conversation with Sir Richard Sykes. In the center is Oscar R. N. Richmond-Watson.





FOX-HUNTING CLERIC. Eric Wheeler, the Vicar of Stangle Bampton, watches horses parade around ring. Wheeler regularly attends sale watching for mounts that meet a vicar's badge.

TWEEDY LORD Rosbery (right) chats with Count de Brignase (left), racing manager in Millemaire Marek Rosary, and Jack Clouston, the racing manager to Burtie Stables at Newmarket.



SWAP OWNER Max Ellsworth (right), who spent \$100,000 at sale, talks to Mrs. Lin Logan (former Lin Whitney) and Captain Cecil Byrd-Rochford (center), the trainer for Queen Elizabeth.



MUSCULAR DOCTOR James H. Edwards, 41, exercises on Dard bar, variation of old-fashioned chinning bar with weights.

MESSAGE SUBJECT Don Hartman, 54, production chief at Paramount, has head vibrated by physical director, Jim Davies.



LOS ANGELES LIMBERS UP



ATTORNEY P. J. LEACHMAN, 48, WHO DOES PUSHUPS TO FIGHT MOSH



HIGH FLYER W. E. Thompson, 36, of Union Oil Co.'s exploration department, says he is peak condition by lowering up and down on the trampoline at the Los Angeles A. C. five days a week.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR GRAY

The year 1955 has brought booms of all sorts to Los Angeles and one of the biggest has been the muscle boom. Fitness exercise has taken hold, and gyms are jammed with perspiring executives anxious to stay in shape in spirit as well as body. Says one of them: "Exercise is a lot of fun. And it's a good deal cheaper than medical attention!"

FILM PRODUCER Tony Owen, 48, exercises with dumbbells, inclined plane at a health club. Owen, who plans to make a movie in Africa, says, "It will take a very fast Mou Mou to catch me."



AT THE LOS ANGELES A.C., declares, "I LEAVE FEELING BRUNNY!"



WHAT TO DO AFTER A

by DOROTHY STULL

A revolutionary treatment for coronary prescribes an active life, a return to work and sports of victim's choice. Here is a report on what leading specialists advise and what exercise can be safely enjoyed

GUET more exercise," the edict which Dr. Paul Dudley White presented to President Dwight D. Eisenhower only 13 weeks after his attack of coronary thrombosis, confused and alarmed a good many people. Actually, Dr. White was acting on a new and little publicized theory which is putting an end to the bleak years of invalidism formerly endured by heart attack victims. In the opinion of many specialists today, physical activity, at work or play, if properly supervised, is the best treatment after a heart attack.

This idea is directly contrary to generations of thought and practice, and some physicians are still prescribing the don't-move-a-muscle therapy. But more and more the doctors are convinced that, by carefully graduated exercise coronary patients can return to an active life (see box for recommended sports).

There are extraordinary examples of this as well as less spectacular ones. A 19-year-old high school athlete trained for the half-mile run after a heart attack and two years later won a national championship. A 43-year-old coronary piloted a plane as high as 15,000 feet about a year after his attack and then went on to take up skiing at 5,000 feet in St. Moritz and at 8,000 feet on the Zugspitze in Bavaria. These examples are exceptional, and not to be used as guides, but they do show that the heart is stronger than was once believed.

How much exercise and when will of course differ for every patient, depending on the extent of the damage to his heart and his rate of recovery. These are determined by the doctor's study of electrocardiograms, blood sedimentation rates and other tests.

But the one person who can decide whether the rate of exercise is being stepped up too rapidly is the patient, who will feel warning symptoms if the convalescent heart is overtaxed. These danger signals are fatigue, shortness of



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER gets the feel of his clubs again on White House lawns.

breath or a feeling of tightness in the chest. If any of these occur, he must immediately stop exercising, and rest. But doctors would encourage him to try again later.

In no sense a do-it-yourself program, the schedule of gradually increased physical effort starting a few days after the attack must be determined by the physician every step of the way. In general, a person with small to moderate heart damage can expect to follow roughly the schedule in the chart on page 46, which was compiled from the opinions of leading heart authorities throughout the country.

Today, even during the first weeks when he may not be permitted to sit up in his hospital bed, the patient usually is told to do some mild exercises while reclining: wiggle toes and ankles, bend his knees, roll gently from one side of the bed to the other. This increases the return of blood to the heart and helps maintain proper muscle tone.

During the early weeks of recovery further very mild exercise is allowed. This must be carefully controlled (see chart) in order to give scar tissue time to form where the normal tissue died from lack of blood during the attack. Exercise too early may create an aneurysm, a weak spot in the heart wall that pulsates with each heartbeat and never becomes firm. Strong scar tissue is generally present no later than six weeks following the attack.

When the patient has progressed to the last phase on the chart (three to four months following the attack) he usually is ready to begin taking part in a mild sport. Sometimes he can go back to his old favorite, if it wasn't something like football, which he might as well forget. Tennis, however, might be permissible—some doctors will allow a return to it, if the patient plays only doubles. Other physicians feel that tennis is a game that cannot be played at a slow pace, and they rule out even doubles.

The best sports to pursue after a heart attack are hiking, golf, fishing (of the gentler variety), bowling, swimming (backstroke, for instance, demands low energy), and horseback riding, provided the person knew how to ride before he became ill. Even hunting is permitted, depending on the severity of conditions the hunter will have to face, such as weather, the number of unaccustomed heavy clothes required and so forth.

Cast off all rules aside, some "weak-hearted" people have thrown themselves into just about every sport, including elephant hunting and skiing. One diehard from Texas definitely kept up sailing for 14 years after doctors told him to keep still the rest of his life, but this gay attitude is not officially recommended. Dr. White had a patient still playing golf in his 86s who had had a heart attack 25 years before.

A program of graduated exercise should be started after a heart attack

HEART ATTACK? EXERCISE!



PATIENTS AT THE VALLEY FORGE HEART INSTITUTE NEAR PHILADELPHIA, SUPERVISED BY A NURSE, ENJOY A THERAPEUTIC GAME OF BALL.

even by a patient whose greatest muscle strain before the attack consisted of walking from his office desk to the office-building elevator. Since exercise improves the circulation, it has even greater value—within limits—for the damaged than for the normal heart. Dr. Louis N. Katz of Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago, a former president of the American Heart Association, says: "I would encourage more active exercise [for the person who had not done any prior to his attack] but by training. Life is full of emergencies; a man in training is more able to meet them."

THE FLABBY BODY

The nonexerciser, following a training program, of course is faced with conditioning his flabby body to unaccustomed exertion after his attack as well as assessing the ability of his healing heart. The person who was athletic before his attack, on the other hand, can return to sports more rap-

idly and participate more vigorously because his muscles are in good shape to begin with.

But even choosing the right sport and taking it on with the proper step-by-step conditioning won't help the patient along the road back to normal living if participating in sports upsets him emotionally. That is why, in the list of suggested sports for people who have had heart attacks, doctors stress those which are noncompetitive. Says Dr. Katz: "It's not the form of exercise, but the rate, length and emotional overtones. While a good sport is out to win, he's a better sport if he takes a loss." Under the duress of excitement and drive to win, the heart patient may not be willing to stop when he feels the danger signals, and getting angry or excited just by itself is bad for his heart, whether it happens when he is actively looking a dab or passively listening over the radio to his alma mater lose a football game. A good theme song for the recovering patient

might well be that old swing tune of the '30s: "It ain't what *she* do, it's the way *that she* do it."

Another point the would-be sportsman must keep in mind, in addition to watching for danger signals, gradually working up his endurance and maintaining his emotional equilibrium, is never to indulge in his favorite sport on a full stomach. Of course, since the coronary must keep his weight down, he ought not to have a full stomach, but nonetheless he should wait at least an hour after meals before exerting himself. He should also be especially careful of hunting or walking in the cold, because low temperatures tend to make the arteries tighten up, thereby forcing the heart to pump harder.

Some doctors say ruefully that the greatest difficulty they have in returning patients to their former world of sports is combating the patient's own negative attitude toward exercise. Fear

continued on next page

HEART EXERCISES

continued from page 45

of exertion is still widespread; even those who may have enjoyed fishing regularly and felt it increased their health and happiness pre-attack are afraid to begin it again post-attack. Those who always thought exercise was "fine for the other fellow" can see no reason to subject themselves to it after their heart has been damaged.

Dr. Joseph B. Wolfe, Chief of Medicine at Valley Forge Heart Institute and Hospital, Fairview Village, Pa., sometimes resorts to a kind of suggestion therapy to persuade his heart patients to exercise. In the corridors of the institute, patients are often seen walking up and down hallways their arms about as if performing some weird ritual. Asked what they are doing, they answer cheerily: "I just took my pill, and it won't work unless I exercise." The pill is usually a vitamin, which, of course, would be just as beneficial if consumed while in bed.

Dr. Wolfe, who also heads a clinic in Philadelphia, moved to the hilly country 26 miles outside the city in 1951 for the purpose of opening a heart institute where patients would have room to move about during treatment and convalescence. The entire place is designed with that in mind. The

grounds are graded in slopes and terraces that require different degrees of exertion, and Dr. Wolfe firmly refused to install any elevators in the buildings. Dr. Wolfe, now president of the new American College of Sports Medicine, was one of the earliest doctors to raise doubts about the value of restricting physical activity for coronary cases. As far back as 1926 he wrote in the *Archives of Internal Medicine* of encouraging his patient "to know he can indulge in physical activity" on a gradually increasing schedule.

THE "ARMCHAIR METHOD"

In that same year, Dr. Harold Fell, now clinical professor emeritus of cardiology at Western Reserve University School of Medicine, pointed out that some cardiacs can lead active lives. A decade later (1937) Dr. Samuel A. Levine, clinical professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School, was among the first to treat acute coronary thrombosis by what was later dubbed the "armchair method"—getting the patient out of bed and into a chair not later than one week after his attack. (In 1952 he and Dr. Bernard Lown reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* on the impressive recovery of 73 patients with acute coronary thrombosis after they were taken out of bed and placed in chairs.)

But it took World War II to convince some heart specialists that they should alter their opinions. The combination of a need to vacate military hospital beds plus a manpower shortage in critical jobs that were physically strenuous forced the medical profession to re-examine its entrenched beliefs about keeping heart patients inactive. Dr. Henry I. Russek, 44-year-old consultant cardiologist at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital in Staten Island, today tells how amazed he and his colleagues were at the sudden anodes in 1941 of hundreds of men between 40 "and about 110" from Sailors' Snug Harbor, the island's home for aged sailors. These men, who had been drearily sitting around waiting to die, were suddenly in demand at their former jobs in the merchant marine. Back they thronged, coronary conditions and all, and successfully performed physical work they hadn't done since their younger days. And in the process they were happier than they had been in years, had no heart complications and lost their "cardiac neurosis," the paralyzing fear that they would die immediately if they did anything more energetic than rest in a chair for 24 hours a day.

Inexplicable cases like these million who refused to be buried alive made doctors take another look at the

SUGGESTED EXERCISE SCHEDULE AFTER AN ATTACK



FIRST THREE WEEKS

Stay in bed, wiggle toes, shift body gently while reclining



3RD TO 4TH WEEK

Sit up in bed supported by as many pillows as desired



5TH TO 6TH WEEK

Sit up in a chair for gradually increasing lengths of time



6TH TO 7TH WEEK

Walk about on and near floor, slowly increasing distance covered



7TH TO 10TH WEEK

Start climbing up and down stairs, gradually increasing the number of steps attempted



10TH TO 12TH WEEK

Take short daily walk outside where weather is not too cold



12TH TO 15TH WEEK

Begin to engage in some mild sport, done gently, like golf with the aid of a motor cart

cardiac patient. Certainly the cost of complete rest was high. Immobilized patients complained of everything from weakness, poor circulation and shortness of breath to temporary paralysis of muscles that were beginning to atrophy from disuse. Their depression and apathy at being endlessly restricted and their dread of the slightest movement were definitely detrimental to their general recovery. They lacked the will to get well, that mysterious unknown quantity of the effect of the emotions on the body which often can tip the scale between good and poor health.

The results of the American Heart Association Work Classification Units opened physicians' eyes still further to the possibility of restoring the heart patient to an active life. In these clinics, located all over the country, the capacity of the recovered heart could be measured objectively by new laboratory tests, and teams of cardiologists, social workers and vocational counselors stood ready to help the patient take his first step in returning to normal life—finding a job he could safely handle.

Dr. Howard A. Rusk and his associate Dr. Joseph G. Benton, at the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation of the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center in New York reported that, except for extremely heavy labor, almost all the physical activities required to perform a job appeared to be within the capacity of most people with heart disease.

Dr. Herman K. Helfenstein, head of the classification unit in Cleveland, found that in a four-year period, 75% of 535 cardiacs representing all occupations had been returned to their jobs.

Clinical evidence showed that the heart, even when damaged, was sturdier than doctors had believed possible. Dr. Carleton B. Chapman and Dr. Robert S. Frazer of the University of Minnesota tested men from the ages of 45 to 49 who had at least six months previously suffered the death of that part of the heart muscle which had been deprived of blood (a condition known as myocardial infarction). Tests were made while the men were at rest, and again after 10 minutes of walking on a treadmill going three miles per hour at a 5% grade. The doctors found there was no significant difference between the performance of the men with damaged hearts and another control group of the same age who had normal hearts. At the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md. recently Drs. Thomas N. F. Jones and Byron J. Olsen found



ERNEST W. MUELLER, physical education consultant to Valley Forge Heart Institute, leads exercises designed to help patients with damaged hearts ensure normal lives.

that rats with coronary thrombosis could tolerate exercise just as well as those with normal hearts. Although it's hard for people to be overjoyed that a human heart is similar to a rat's, this experiment was good news for the

threatened the recovery of the mending heart. These emotions could erupt while the patient was just watching a baseball game on TV, or playing an apparently quiet game of cards—or fuming at not being permitted to do anything. As Dr. Roy W. Scott of Cleveland, eminent heart authority, put it: "I'd much rather let a heart patient play golf than become upset in a poker game. He could be seriously disturbed by drawing a full house on an opening hand." Dr. Harry Gold, professor of clinical pharmacology at Cornell University Medical College, joined the chorus. Said he: "We must shift our emphasis in advising patients from limitations on their physical activity. We must convince them that in rage and anger, when they are endeavoring to kill someone else, they are actually accomplishing just the opposite—they are killing themselves."

And so sports for the heart attack victim, if done noncompetitively, became recognized as a safety valve for emotions. As Dr. White said about Eisenhower, "These diversions in the way of golf and painting have been very vital, I think, for his health. . . . They're a good antidote for nervous tension and mental overwork." (E.W.)

SPORTS FOR CORONARIES

WALKING	on level ground
GOLF	by 2 with a caddy cart
FISHING	of the garden kind
BOWLING	with extra tender
SWIMMING	no racing or diving
BOATING	if you know how before

heart attack victims, since it suggested that the heart (of man and rat) probably has the reserve strength for a good comeback when it gets in trouble.

In addition to these hints that they might be on the wrong track in confining patients to life in an easy chair, heart specialists noticed in their own patients that emotional upsets—anger, compulsive competitive drive, intense excitement—were the real culprits that



"Those poor devils are dying"

BUTLER and calm, Jack Philip stood on the bridge of the U.S.S. *Texas*, watching his gunners pour fire into the Spanish naval-war fleeing Santiago harbor.

Only a few days before, another American ship had accidentally fired at the *Texas*. Philip had responded by signaling: "Thanks, good fire, but a little over."

Now enemy shells whistled over his head from vessels doomed to destruction. As the *Texas* rained post the flaming, riddled bulk of the *Picara*, that Spanish battleship exploded.

Instantly, a great victorious shout sprang up. But Philip quickly silenced it: "Don't cheer, men; those poor devils are dying."

A bold captain who ran a happy ship, Jack Philip was already something of a friendly hero to his men. But this one sentence made him a hero of the Spanish-American War to millions of Americans.

For Americans prize gallantry. Gallantry is part of the great heritage—part of the strength—of the American people. And today, it is this strength—the strength of 165 million Americans—which stands behind one of the world's finest investments: U.S. Series E Savings Bonds.

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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for middle- and high-handicap golfers

from **HILL JOHNSON**, Seattle Golf Club, Seattle, Wash.

While most golfers certainly understand that the body supplies the motive power that their hands actually release, few of them seem to have a clear picture in their minds of what correct, balanced body action looks like—or feels like. In their misdirected efforts to get some power into the swing via the body, 95 out of 100 players away as they take the club back. That is, they move the bulk of their weight to the right in such a way that they push themselves off balance immediately. That sway finishes the chance there and then for a correct swing and a good shot. The rest of the swing is a rushed attempt to compensate for that first big error.

The best image, I think, for conveying the nonsway pivot (which sets up the desired exchange of weight) is the one Percy Boomer introduced years ago. His advice—and I endorse it heartily—is for the player to imagine that he is standing inside a barrel about as wide as his stance. Then the player must feel as he swings that he is turning inside that barrel, turning freely but without touching the right side of the barrel going back or the left side following through or, for that matter, any side of the barrel. This is the introductory step in getting the right concept of rotation.



NEXT WEEK: AL COLLINS ON LONGER-SHAFTED DRIVERS

PRO FOOTBALL

by JAMES MURRAY

CLEVELAND WON THE TITLE AGAIN
BUT NOT BEFORE THE WHOLE NFL
HAD COME TO APPRECIATE COACH
SID GILLMAN AND HIS L.A. RAMS

JUST a little over 12 months ago at a football banquet in Los Angeles, a writer asked a coach who he thought Sid Gillman was. "A shirt salesman?" he offered hopefully.

This week every football fan in the country knows who Sid Gillman is—just about the outstanding rookie coach in the history of the National Football League. When his Los Angeles Rams ran out onto the Coliseum grass on Monday he was in the enviable position of not having to win to prove himself. Across the scrimmage line were the perennial-champion Cleveland Browns, the New York Yankees of football. The remarkable fact of the playoff was not that the Browns were on hand for the sixth straight year but that the Los Angeles Rams—8-to-1 underdogs at the start of the season—were furnishing the opposition.

When Gillman first came to the Rams, he was known to those who didn't think he sold shirts simply as the successful head coach of the University of Cincinnati. The Rams, on the other hand, were known to him as the happy-go-lucky home-run hitters of football, the team that had the best offense in the game and not much else. Thanks to a Rube Goldbergian set of pass patterns and a predilection for throwing the long, long ball, the Rams the year before had three times run up more than 40 points and had averaged four touchdowns a game. But they lost five games and finished a bad fourth.

The trouble, as Gillman quickly perceived, was that the Rams' habit of leading with crazy rights made them easy prey for the really smart counter-punchers of the league. The Detroit Lions, for example, simply loaded the defensive gun on the Rams, knowing that sooner or later Ram Quarterback Dutch Van Brocklin would start to cock his arm back and fling that ball in the general direction of the horizon. The smart teams had more receivers waiting under these towering oaks of corn than the Rams had, and 21 of them were intercepted.

It occurred immediately to Gillman that the Rams' way of doing business was not football but Russian roulette, and he set about studying old Ram

films to see what could be done about it.

His first task, he soon saw, was not so much shoring up a defense as instilling in the team an interest in defense at all. The Rams' explosive offense had the effect of overworking the other players—if the plays worked, the touchdowns were quick and sudden and if they didn't the Rams had to punt. Ball control bored the Rams and the defensive 11 barely had time to get to the bench and rip their helmets off before a decision, one way or the other, had been made on the field and they had to go back in there and hand-fight a punishing enemy which be-



THE RAMS' GILLMAN, ROOKIE COACH OF THE YEAR

lieved in a slower but surer touchdown production. Gillman made a mental note to change all that.

Gillman's study of Ram films next put him on the coast of the master trade of the year, Jim Carson of the San Francisco 49ers might not have been the greatest defensive back in the league, but in the Ram films Gillman saw he made every performance an Academy Award. Gillman dangled a No. 1 Ram draft choice before the 49ers and they bit for it. In that one stroke, Gillman exactly reversed the margin of superiority of the 49ers over his club and put two key wins in his pocket. Gillman's next concern was with the Rams' tendency to go overboard on preseason games, with an exhibition schedule so dazzling that the conference season was anticlimax. There would be no more victories in

exhibition, Gillman decided. The next games would come later.

Gillman's Rams this year were as different from predecessor Rams as a boxer from a slugger. His theory was simply explained: if you contain an enemy with a massive and determined defense, you are always within hailing distance even when your offense has an off day—and you are never so far out of it that a lucky break in the closing seconds can't win for you. Twice this year, Gillman's theory paid off in last second wins, over Pittsburgh 27-23 and Philadelphia 23-21. Gillman next convinced his quarterback, Van Brocklin, that touchdowns 10 yards at a time counted just as much as touchdowns 80 yards at a time.

What really confounded students of the Rams was the fact the team took to Gillman's red-meat, un-fussed board of football. It was as though a band of Marilyn Monroes were suddenly cast as charwomen. But the Rams did take to it. Don Paul, co-captain of the team and a veteran linebacker with the best reactions in the game, cheerfully took the bone-crunching job of "mink" or middle-guard, the shock absorber of the defensive unit. When Elroy Hirsch failed to report in time owing to a movie commitment, Gillman slammed the door in his face, but later, when injuries hit, Gillman hurriedly forgave and took Crazy Legs back. When the press raised an eyebrow, Sid Gillman shrugged: "We're interested in winning football games, not arguments."

But, as usual, there was Paul Brown and his good right arm, Otto Graham, to reckon with. A man who got the word about exhibition games even quicker than Gillman (Brown has always treated them like dummy drills to test his rookies and has never been known even to look at the scoreboard during their play), Brown matched Gillman in stalling in this year's exhibition game, and out of the Alphonse-Gaston act that ensued, Gillman had to score just to keep the customers awake. The Rams embarrassed themselves by winning 38-21, and no one was more aware of the emptiness of their achievement than Mr. Brown, who stationed himself in the runway at game's end as the Rams spilled off the field and jeered at them: "O.K., O.K., but what about December?"

Now it was December, and Brown as usual had the last, loud laugh—38-14. But Gillman and his Rams could hold their heads high too. To have been at Thermopylae was their glory and achievement. (EHR)

1955 was a big year for

... And **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** couldn't be happier that so many of these retailers chose sports and SI as the center of attraction for so many of their displays of all kinds of merchandise.

It's humanly impossible even to list the full number of stores who have "tied-in" with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**—much less to thank each retailer personally and individually for the enthusiasm he has shown for SI this past year.

So instead, we are herewith publishing our thanks—so that you could see the names of some of the leading merchants in your community who like the idea of selling with your favorite magazine.

Because the list is such a long one, we have had to limit it to only those stores we thought everyone might recognize. It would take almost as many pages as are in this entire issue of SI to list in a similar manner every one of the thousands of department stores, men's wear stores, women's specialty shops, sporting goods stores, marine dealers, hardware stores, travel agents, automotive dealers, country club pro shops, liquor dealers, merchants of all kinds who have shown by their acceptance of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** what a truly phenomenal impact sports and SI have had on your way of life in just one short year-and-a-half.

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DECATUR

Belt-Walker Co.

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Down Operator Men's Wear
Homeswood
The Sports Shop

JASPER

Marshall's Clothing Co.

MOBILE

C. S. Carter Co.
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New shop (110) sporting goods stores featured **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and its advertised merchandise in their stores and windows in conjunction with the "Delicious Parade of Sports Gifts," co-sponsored by SI and the National Sporting Goods Association.

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ORLANDO
Pony's of Orlando
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Walt's Men's Shop

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Walt's Men's Shop

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AURORA

Walt's Men's Shop

BERKLEY

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Walt's Men's Shop

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Hawley & Co.

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Saulman's Store for Men

HARRISBURG
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The Fairmont

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James R. Evans Co.
Roth's

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PHILADELPHIA
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PHILADELPHIA
Meyer's

PHILADELPHIA
Gordon Bros.

PHILADELPHIA
E. M. Green, Inc.

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The Man's Shop

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Jack Winger Mfg.

WILKES-BARR
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RHODE ISLAND

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Lerner & Ross Co.
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WESTERLY
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SOUTH CAROLINA

Aiken
The Leader Store

ANDERSON
Gordon-Bell Co.

CHARLESTON
The High
O. M. Knicker's
Lerner, Holt & Co.
Snyder's Men's Wear

COLUMBIA
Hays-Davis Co.

DELAWARE

DOVER
The Leader Store

GREENSBORO
Gordon-Bell Co.

HARRINGTON
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O. M. Knicker's
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DELAWARE

TEXAS
ABILENE
Fawley's Dept. Store

ABILENE
Fawley's

AUSTIN
Hawley Bros.
E. H. Scarborough Co.

BEAUMONT
White House

BROWNSVILLE
Lerner, Holt & Co.

COMPTON
Fawley Dept. Store
J. & O. Clarks

DALLAS
E. M. Knicker's Co.
E. M. Knicker's Co.
Bernard-Marcus Co.

DALLAS
King & Brown
Lerner, Holt & Co.

DALLAS
James K. Wilson
H. P. Pugh

DALLAS
Popular Dry Goods Co.
Inc.

FOOT WORTH
A. J. Anderson Co.
Civic Campbell

FOOT WORTH
The Fair
Lerner, Holt & Co.

FOOT WORTH
W. C. Brinkley
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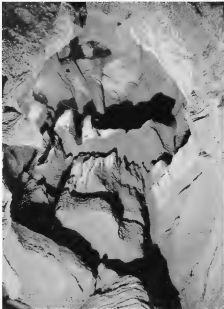
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CLIMBING 280 feet up a series of pits, Jack Lehrberger (above) and Bill Austin, who took this picture, found the long-sought second entrance to the cave in October.

A COON TRAP LEADS TO A LABYRINTH

continued from page 17

supported by 40 caverns based above ground two miles away. In one week this big force doubled the known network of caves. In the past 22 months fast-moving teams of explorers have doubled the net again, until the Lost Passage, which once was a goal, is now merely a historical landmark passed early on the long, tough route—a place to stop and open a can of beans on the silt floor beside the rusted shards of bean cans Collins left 80 years ago.

There are now only six cavers who know the extended routes well enough to lead exploration farther. One of these is the present leader of the

assault on Crystal Cave, a 28-year-old advertising account executive named Roger Bracker, whose zeal for caves is something like that of a Muslim for Mecca. The caver best acquainted with the labyrinth is a 28-year-old civil engineer, William Austin, who literally was born in the mouth of a cave. Though Austin has spent over 2,000 hours in the lower reaches of Crystal Cave, there are still many unexplored passages along the overlengthening way. Some of these, the cavers know from experience, narrow into impassable slots or end in a jumble of breakdown, but for each that does,

another branches out again and again, compounding the maze.

As soon as he wriggles down the narrow, twisting 50 feet of Scotchman's Trap, the caver must make his first choice in the maze. The passage goes left and right. Along each way there are random blue chalk arrows on the limestones. These are the old marks of the Spaniard. In the present assault the cavers have concentrated to the right of the Trap. In this direction for 50 feet the passage is comfortably wide, but it is only three feet high. Thirty feet farther along it is high enough for a man on stilts, but averages 14 inches wide. The passage ceiling lowers again in the first 200 yards, and for a quarter of a mile there is only room to crawl or to half-crawl in a low, lizardlike waddle. This leads into the S-curve, where the 18-inch-wide passage makes two 180° bends in 20 feet, and the caver must lie on his side, inching forward by alternately pressing his elbows on one wall and heels on the other. After the S-curve the passage narrows again into the Keyhole, 10 inches high and 14 inches wide, where a man can only squirm, dragging his supply bag on his foot or pushing it ahead of him.

Just this far in the cave any latent claustrophobia in a man shows up, and this is fortunate, for farther along. In the third mile, he will come to the Fishhook Crawl, a 60-foot-long, flat tunnel, 10 inches high, lined with aggravating nubs of cave rock. In the Fishhook he must squirm an inch, then twist his head to rest his helmet and carbide lamp that have been knocked askew, grunt as the rock nubs prod his underside, and if his light is knocked out, blindly inch on, following the grunts and scuffling of the caver ahead. Past a great pit where water thunders out in darkness 80 feet above into darkness 70 feet below, in the fourth mile lies the maddy Storm Sewer, and this leads in the fifth mile to a river. For six hundred feet the cavers must crawl upstream, the water up to their chins and their heads pressed against the ceiling of a 30-inch tube. Some learned men—and he was probably leaning back in a chair contemplating a high ceiling at the time—has concluded that caves are impelled by a subconscious urge to crawl back into the womb. The Crystal Cavers wriggling through the Fishhook have a very cheap opinion of such pedantry.

Compared to the way water works above ground, this underground system makes no sense. The acid traces in the water percolating down through

soluble limestone for millions of years have created an awesome but amazingly uniform hodgepodge of tunnels, rat holes, cracks and canyons—passages that twist, branch out, double back and often rejoin. Still erosion combines with the work of solution. Evaporation further changes the cave, adorning it with small angular helictites, blinns and blooms of gypsum, stalactites, stalagmites and draperies of flowstone. While it may all make sense geologically, to a caver, dirty and sleepless on his eighth and ninth mile of the cave, it seems the water has cut passages of every shape except what decently fits a walking man.

At Castron Point the cavers must crawl on the cave roof, climbing from a stoopway to a large rock, bending their knees and thrusting themselves along with their feet on the ceiling. To the right on the far side is a black void and to the left a narrow ledge projecting from the sheer wall of this bottomless pit. The cavers lean over the void and, pressing their hands against the opposite scarp, inch sideways over the chasm, remembering here that a man must keep three points of support or fall from this world.

"We had some mountain climbers in here," Bill Austin noted recently in reviewing the exploration, "but they didn't like it very much." Cavers sometimes use mountain tools (ropes and pitons for belaying and rappelling) and rough carving requires some of the same skills. But it is an error to conclude that cavers go down because, as the mountain climbers have expressed it, "it is there." The caver is not always sure "it is there" at all. The caver is impelled by curiosity to throw light into darkness wherever it may lead. A mountain climber, accustomed to perspective of his whole target before he starts out, going into a cave might at first tragically ignore one vital difference. As he moves forward with care, a caver must continually think back. He must not only be sure he can get back up every crack he slips down, but he must also remember the sequence of cracks, holes, pits, bends and canyons. The darkness that widens ahead also closes in behind. Bill Austin punctures the overconfidence of new cavers with an apt reminder: "No helicopter will come looking

for you on the other side of Scotchman's Trap."

The cavers mark their route with the soot of carbide lamps, but even these slight marks on the cave are kept to a minimum. More than any other man in nature the caver is mindful that he is a tenant, briefly, and not the owner of his environment. The sediments through which he moves were laid down 260 million years ago. No good man in the woods wistfully feels a 100-year-old tree and no caver is inclined to mar the shape of a cave that began 39 million years ago. The caver leaves the sampling to the specialists, for whose cavers go for sport, science often follows. A large cave system if thoroughly mapped, offers special opportunities to biologists, paleontologists and geologists. A hydrologist can literally study inside the natural plumbing of a water table.

THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH

Years before any of the present assault teams had probed Crystal Cave there was evidence of its vastness. The ridge under which it lies is one of the largest in the great Kentucky cave area. Atop the ridge are entrances to 15 other caves. In 1910 fluorescein dye put in the water of one cave three miles away worked through to the river below Crystal Cave, and cave authorities have long believed that Crystal Cave might be the nucleus integrating all the caves on the ridge.

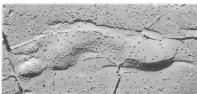
The explorers have now gone a long way toward proving this. With the discovery of bare-foot prints—probably Indian—six miles inside Crystal Cave they established connection to an adjacent cave. This October, chimneys 120 feet up a series of pits, Cavers Bill Austin and Jack Lehrberger came into a new cave and, as Collins had sought 39 years ago, found a second entrance. Over six winding miles from the old entrance the cavers came

into a new section where the passage runs under 20- to 30-foot ceilings for almost three miles.

After such discoveries it seems another large exploration force like that which lived in Lost Passage two years ago would be in order, but oddly this method is now obsolete. The supply lines now stretch out six to eight miles. It now takes a caver two days to bring in one day's supplies for an explorer at the advance point. "We've reached the point of diminishing returns," observes Roger Brucker, "and the only way now is a quick hard attack—nine hours to go in, five hours to work, and nine hours to get out." The cavers have also reached a point of diminishing manpower. There are many cavers with the competence to get through the S-curves, the Keyhole, the Crestway, across the Bottomless Pit, into the Lost Passage and "B" Trail, the Fishhook, and out the Storm Sewer and into the cold waters of Eyleson Fish River, but there are not too many who can keep in the condition to make this return trip, dog-tired, 15 hours later. Along the way rest periods cannot be prolonged. The 55° degree temperature is near perfect for a moving man but with the humidity ranging above 90%, in wet clothes he must keep moving. Fatigue fast reduces a man's efficiency. In the first half mile, which good cavers can now cover in 30 minutes, one party, suffering mild panic, took 14 hours. A tired man is vulnerable to injury, and a slight injury can be very serious. A sprain would be enough to immobilize a man. A broken leg would have to be set in the cave, and the caver he there while it knits. He could not be left alone, for in the scoundrel dark remarkably stable people soon start hearing things and some start imagining things—start "seeing the little men," as the cavers say.

"There are six of us now," Roger Brucker could report in the attack entered its third year.

"And we have two new men in training. We have a large cast down there. Where can it lead? To a larger cave or it can end in mud and rock—a cut-dead. This is the colossal gamble that pushes us to what we can only imagine. The sport is not the discovery but the pursuit of the unknown—and perhaps the unknowable." (BRU)



BARE-FOOT PRINT, believed to be that of an Indian because of the straight placement of big toe, was first clue that Crystal Cave connects with other caves.

SNOW PATROL

COMPILED BY MORT LUND

EAST

MT. Snow, Vt. Temperature rose from 20 below to 40 above last weekend, leaving some bare spots. Current cold during week made conditions unfavorable at times, at popular with chair-lift riders. LS 2 to 4, US 4 to 8, TD 2, CW 100, CL—upper trails.

Stowe, Vt. At Mainfield, Toll Road, Tyro, Standard, and upper Lord trails open. At Spruce Peak, Sterling, Main Street and Tabor trails open. The Chapel, new chair's skiable with capacity of 500, now open in the village. LS 10, US 14, TD 2, TW 1, CW 100, CL—upper trails.

Mad River Glen, Vt. Skiing good, but during week temperatures ranged from zero to 20 below, ending run of several holiday crowds. Mild turn over weekend. LS 5 to 10, US 14 to 18, TD 3, TW 1, CW 100, CL 100.

Big Saxton, Vt. Weekend, three thousand came, after seven days of powder skiing. LS 100, US 140, TD 1, TW 5, CW 100, CL 100.

Eastern Slope Region, N.H. Crowds out by week of January weather. At Cannonville 1 to 3, US 1 to 3, TD 1, TW 5, CW 100, CL 100. At Black Mt. LS 2 to 4, US 2 to 4, TD 2, TW 2, CW 10, CL 100. At Thoreau Mt. LS 3 to 5, US 3 to 5.

Green Mt., N.H. Lower Gannett, Telt, glen, upper and lower Ravine and Hardscrabble open. Bright-colored ski a new note here. LS 1 to 3, US 1 to 3.

MT. Tecumseh, Nw. Still some bare spots last weekend, but all lifts operating. All no instruction skiing lessons paid. LS 14 to 18, TD 1, CW 100, CL 100.

Jeune, Me. LS 14, US 18, TD 4, CW 100, CL 100, CL—Cahoon.

Lake Placid, N.Y. Pacer Ridge, Scottie Cobble, Old MacDonald, Whitney all operating. Skiers in private sleds have been landing at Mirror Lake. C.O. Olympic training camp arrived for New York and N.Y. 1. Cunningham Open, 10 and cover Dasher Fisher Johnny Pacer on King Winter. LS 2 to 4, US 2 to 12.

Whitehall, N.Y. LS 1 to 3, US 5 to 10, CL—lower trails and town. Ski center furnishing transportation to upper slopes.

Schoharie, N.Y. Chair operating last weekend.

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes; US—depth of snow on upper slopes; TD—total snowed during the week; TW—total snowed during the week; CW—crowd during the weekend; CL—closed trails or slopes

In spite of bare spots LS 2 to 4, US 4, TD 2, TW 2, CW 100, CL—upper trails.

Green Ridge, N.Y. Area has few bare cover. LS 2, US 10, CL 100.

Laurel Mt., Pa. During week Lipscomb, Laurel, Midway, Downey Highway hard-packed and fast. This area weekend closed slopes.

MIDWEST

Tarry Peak, N.D. Road were reduced cover, left by surface last weekend. LS 2 to 5, US 10 to 14, CW 100, CL—chair lift.

Minuteman Valley, Wis. Pacer and upper ropes operating daily. Two and four-man lift has LS 10 to 14, US 18 to 20.

Big Mt., Wis. Slopes excellent, some high spots on trails. Snow-Mount ski school starting with 100 ready for instruction. Majority of all skiers using Ski-Pace safety bindings.

Superior, Minn. Skiers Area has had 40 inches of snow this winter, which has packed into an excellent base. LS 15, US 18 to 20.

WEST

San Valley, Idaho. The valley had the best Christmas skiing in its history. Snow on all runs in excellent. On Mt. Baldy 10 to 14, Kearsarge 10, River Run 10. On Dollar Mt. 10. Valley Road 14, CW 100.

Highland, Utah. Best skiing on Backbone Run of Mt. Baldy. New Mt. Myer lift has reduced lift-line congestion. Gorman, Bonanza, Taylor all getting favorable comments in area. Fine snow on run absorbed by heavy snow cover. LS 14, US 14, TW 10, CW 100.

Alta, Utah. Rains spoiled skiing for a day, later turned to snow, leaving cover heavy and wet. LS 10, US 10, TD 3, TW 15, CW 100, CL 100.

Bluff, Utah. All runs and lifts running. Fresh snow during week improved cover, but new weather held attendance down. Main road to Canyon slope and damper. LS 10, US 17, CW 100, CL 100.

Scotts Pa., N.Mex. Best holiday conditions in years have filled area with Texas skiers. Open slopes holding up, but cover thinning. LS 10, US 10, CW 100, CL 100.

Twin, N.Mex. Beginners' slope open. Ski lodge operating, closed until next month. LS 14, US 14, CW 10, CL 10.

Aspen, Colo. Warm weather and rain has cut cover here; bare spots showing on lower slopes that week. Upper Mountain still good. LS 9 to 14, US 10 to 14.

Aspen, Colo. All slopes open in spite of rain and high temperatures which melted snow 10 inches. The Poudre Valley Lifts, a double and which keeps all lifts current conditions apart, being open approximately here. LS 10 to 14, US 10 to 14, CW 100, CL 100.

Snow King, Wyo. Rains during week cut last day results, left cover heavy and wet. Snow skiing which closed roads have been closed up. LS 10 to 12, US 10 to 14, CW 100.

Whitefish, Wyo. All trails open, Hill, Rounding, Day, Doodle best. Some patches with long snow appearing here. Rains during week for lower slopes. LS 14 to 20, US 15 to 18, TD 4, CW 10, CL 100.

PACIFIC WEST

MT. Hood, Ore. Rains left area with wet snow. New chair to be installed at Timberline during week. All lifts. LS 10 to 14, US 14 to 18, TD 1, CW 100, CL 100.

Seaside, Wyo. Holiday skiing, only slightly affected by warm rain, covered lifts during vacation week. Rains decreased crowds created highway hazard during week. LS 10, CW 100, CL 100.

Stevens Pass, Wyo. Light powder fell over weekend for holiday ski crowd. Snow and rain slides which blocked highway through pass have been removed. LS 10, US 10, CW 100, CL 100.

MT. Baker, Wyo. Skiers have been so heavy that open area had to be dug out daily last week. Timing reduced and avalanche danger is over. For Alaska short-term binding were by 10-15, all local experts, who had single was-around with direct downward pull to beat the deep snow. LS 10, US 14, CW 100, CL 100.

Green Mt., Vancouver. Heavy snowfall put excellent cover on all trails, though warming melted on most. Several local ski areas sold out all types of model skis for Christmas. LS 10 to 14, US 10 to 14, TD 1, CW 100.

Sierra, Nw. Rains which spoiled area beyond canyon, providing excellent skiing throughout week. Snow run to upper Mt. closed during week, but scheduled to be reopened at midweek. LS 10 to 14, US 10 to 14, TD 1, CW 100.

Scappoose, Wyo. Skiers followed by snow closed roads during week, cut down chair lift. Area scheduled to resume operations shortly after Christmas. LS 10, US 10, CW 100.

Shawnee, Wyo. Skiers followed area with up to 10 inches. Roads now being cleared.

SKI TIP

by FRIEDL PFEFFER
Coach, U.S. Olympic Team

THE MEANING OF THE FALL LINE,
AND HOW TO AVOID FREEZING INTO
AN UNPLANNED AND DANGEROUS
SCHEME HALFWAY THROUGH A TURN

There are a number of misinterpretations of the phrase fall line. To some skiers it means a wiggly line that traces the steepest descent down a mountain. To others, particularly beginners, it may mean the line where you fall down. Actually the fall line is the vertical line straight down any slope.

Whatever you call it, the fall line has become a thing of terror to many skiers, because, in making any downhill turn, there is inevitably a moment when the skis are headed straight down the mountain. And a

beginner, or even an advanced skier on a particularly steep slope, may have a tendency to freeze, i.e., become panicky and stiffen up, at the moment when his skis are in the fall line. Obviously this can be a frightening situation, because if the skier does not complete his turning action, the skis start to run away, and the result is usually a hard slip.

The reason for this is a simple one: failure to follow through. In skiing, just as in golf, the follow-through is one of the most

important things to remember. That is, one must remember to finish the turn and not to get panicky halfway through it. A good way to overcome this fear and the resulting problem of runaway skis is to select a slope with a flat run-out. Here the skier can practice turning downhill, and should be forget to finish the turn, he will come to a safe, slow stop on the flat. This is the best way to gain confidence, and confidence is yours, your skis, the terrain and the snow in the absence of skiing.



FRIEDL PFEFFER

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water; **SM**—slightly high; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **GD**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **QVG**—outlook very good.

STEELHEAD TROUT: Washington: All coastal rivers running wild and **QVG** generally through river mouth. But Steamer River is on a roll with steelhead they're taking eggs and clump hoppers despite high, muddy waters. Mostly all rivers have good supply of fish and outlook is excellent as most no serious rains to forecast.

WASCO: Four days of rain last week raised streams and raised fishing. A freeze should clear waters but **QVG** soon; while current runs weak, local steelhead will put under banks until the spring run starts.

COASTAL: All steelhead hooked out by floods. Last **QVG** in more rain to forecast.

CHUMWASHER: **QVG** until January 15 or 20 in coastal streams north of San Francisco, even if no further storms—but Garcia and Grading may be local exceptions as they clear quickly. In southern California coastal streams are low and dry and no rain are expected unless heavy rains hit soon.

WASCO: Dry roads and some snow-fall slowed fishermen last week, but nearly all streams are in fine shape and producing fish in general **QVG**.

WEAVERFISH: Florida: In northwest Florida streams to 5 pounds fishing up, fish in the Crystal River and off the old Lighthouse Pier at Canaveral live streams and out market best fish. **FG** in Tampa Bay area with 5 to 6 shrimp and plant. Tampa moved waters following a small storm along bay but fishing is fair at grassy patches. Good catches reported from the Anclote River and Bate of Hangerway Island five miles north of Anclote river.

LOUISIANA: Horace Tilton and Webb Rellinger came back to New Orleans last week from trip down river with four weeks full of snappers. Including several over 8 pounds caught in the Potomac in the Harris area and, on trip in Oak River, M. C. Moore of New Orleans made 25 snappers with spin lure, caught 27 species.

PICKEREL: NEW JERSEY: Cold wave that kept out water fishermen has lost much interest in the fishing season, January 1 to 31. Pickers will average about 1 1/2 pounds but in pounds come regularly and 3 1/2-inch-long 5-pounder was taken from Green Pond in 1945.

BLACK BASS: same outcome: After an Elbert River bank house filed his first last week he broke out spinning rod, hooked weighed rubber bag on bottom in 25 feet of water, went home with four ducks and eight bigmouth bass to 1 1/4 pounds.

WISCONSIN: Lake of the DuSable Chicago region in ideal shape and **QVG** as have averaging 2 pounds up into deep-running game and spin lure. Tanned Cam Lake say more **FF**, **QVG**.

MINNESOTA: Fishing should improve with warmer weather but hardy anglers were taking small fish to 5 pounds from Center Lake last week, with bottom-bumping lures accounting for biggest bass.

COLORADO: As weather warms, lower Colorado River streams are improving and **QVG** at Huerfano and Pecos Verde Canal and drops.

FLORIDA: Best bet in central state are Kissimmee River, Withlacoochee River west of Dade and Little Lake Harris.

PACIFIC SALMON: Washington: Fishing for harkness and early season has staying off Chockoma from railway tunnel to yellow buoy south of Pacific American Fisheries and **QVG** through February as trolled plugs and spoons should pick up fish just off shore on cold days.



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YESTERDAY

BEATING THE FLYER

by **THOMAS B. HALLOCK**

In the 1880s four boys in an iceboat took on the Albany Flyer in a race. Their frosty triumph is recalled by one of them, as told to Tay Hohoff

THERE was a month or so most years, back in the last century, when the people in the Hudson River Valley were isolated, torn from town and even farm from farm. Early in the winter the floating ice began coming down-river and gradually the cakes froze together into blocks of anchor ice—the first stage of the river's closing. The great expanses of ice became a playground, and iceboating its most exciting and fastest sport. The racing boats could jump six feet of open water while traveling at only a fair speed, tack downwind two to four times faster than the wind itself and obey the merest hint from the tiller. No one then thought about clocking times. Competition was direct and simple: the Clarke's boat beat the Youngs', and never mind the details.

Most of the iceboats were homemade, sleep rigged, with a big spread of canvas. They were tricky to handle, because tides, winds and storms were constantly affecting the condition of the ice. The boom was set higher than on an ordinary sailboat, and the tiller post rose high enough to project the tiller over the steersman, who usually lay prone in the diamond-shaped or rectangular basket. When brought sharply around on a tack, ballast was needed to weigh down the runners, and that was where we younger boys came in. Four or five of us, one on each side of the mast and two at the outer ends of the crosspiece, did the job. We perched on a plank about 15 inches wide, a freezing, precarious roost. We had to know when to move, and then move fast. When a sharp turn was made in a high wind, all of us might be huddled together at the extreme tip of the plank, and why we didn't fall off getting there no one knew. Boys seem to have an uncanny sense of balance.

Rome, a young swashbuckler, cherished what to me (I was 10) seemed a glorious ambition: to race his boat against the *Albany Flyer*. The only railroad in those days ran along the river's east shore, which was level and low and almost straight. Trains could build up tremendous speeds, and the crack train of them all was the *Albany Flyer*.

We four boys who made up Rome's crew would watch the *Flyer* go by and yell "yah" and thumb our noses at the engineer. We were torn between longing for the weather to break and fear of what would happen when it did, because everybody in the community was laughing at Rome's boast.

But there came a day at last when a strong, steady wind began to blow from the south, and the instant school was dismissed we tore down to the river. Rome ordered us to our places, and in a few long easy tacks we ran down-river

to the starting point below Marlborough. The runners gripped beautifully on slightly granular snow ice, the wind blew steadily a few points east of south directly on the course of the river and we yelled and clenched on the crosspiece until Rome brought the boat smartly around, let the sails flutter and turned the tiller at right angles to the backbone so that the runner bit sharply into the ice as an anchor.

We kept our eyes on the slow curve of Low Point (now Chelsen), tensing as the first puffs of smoke rose over the tracks. When the engine thundered over the Wappinger Creek trestle, we looked at Radin. He deessed the sails and flung himself down by the tiller. We were off.

The wind caught the sails full and strong, the runner hit into the ice, setting up a constant vibration broken only when it cut through or jumped over frozen chunks. The train, going at more than 50 miles an hour, drew level with the boat. A visor-capped head peered out of the engine cab. The man's expression was scornful. Or so we imagined.

Rome was following the main channel, avoiding the shallower water by the east shore, for winds from north or south seemed to blow strongest where the deep water ran. The noise of the train roared in our ears, almost indistinguishable from the wind. The boat's speed began to pick up, and the engineer looked out again, with more interest. Soon smoke, thicker and blacker than before, began pouring out of the stack, and the wheels turned faster.

We yelled. It seemed we weren't on the river at all but were flying through air. At Blue Point the treacherous, ever-shifting crack stretched from shore to shore. Because a strong ebb tide was running, there were no piled up masses of ice to jump, but instead, there was open water—in some places 10 feet wide.

It was up to us on the plank to decide where to cross. Standing up, gripping the mast or the stays, we strained to see ahead. In one place there was comparatively smooth ice on either side of the crack, and no more than three or four feet of water between. I signaled in that direction, and Rome headed for the level spot. If the wind held, we would make it; in any case, there was no time for second thoughts. Instinctively we cringed. There was a lift, a splash, a deluge of freezing water as the plank and runner dipped, a bump, and we were over.

Beyond the Point, the river widened. On the east rose a line of fence chimneys, and by the time we could breathe again after our ducking, the *Flyer's* black plume, abreast



ON A FAMOUS HUDSON RIVER RACE IN 1871, THE "EPRYR" AND JOHN BOWNE'S "HOLE" BEAT THE OVERSEA EXPRESS

of us, was mingling with the smoke and flame from the Phoenix Horseshoe Works. Ahead, the abutments of a future railroad bridge rose like cairns above the ice, a menace to the flying iceboat, for as the tides shifted, the ice broke up and piled against them, leaving open water where it was least expected. Our boat hit the first hump at a speed which nearly knocked us off our icy perch. She jolted, creaked and lost precious speed; but she got through safely onto the smoother ice off Lange Rak (Long Reach), and we flew on, still hopeful of victory.

Time had ceased to be measurable. The nine-mile run might have lasted a minute or an eternity. We had lost

sight of the train, which might have been halfway to Albany. Some let the sails slack off, and the boat slowed to a stop. And where the tracks curved back to the river's edge, there came the *Flyer*. We had won.

We fell off the plank, shaking with cold and excitement, and jumped up and down, yelling and waving like lunatics. From the engine cab bare heads poked out while the whole crew waved their caps and shouted, though the sound was lost on the wind. The whistle blew a special blast, and as the last car passed us, a portly, blue-uniformed man on the back platform raised his arm in salute. We were the happiest boys in New York State.

(C.R.R.)

THE PRESSURES OF FOOTBALL

Sir:

The answers Jimmy Darnall got from his 11 football coaches as to whether they would accept a coaching appointment to a de-emphasized college added up to one of the most interesting insights of this football season. Every one of the coaches polled said a hearty "yes," provided their appointments were de-emphasized also.

This year, in SF and elsewhere, football coaches have taken a delecting for their supposed part in making big-time football even bigger to serve their own ends. I would very much like to see in SF next fall some careful digging into the origins of pressures exerted on coaches. I suspect that it is generated entirely by publicity-conscious university houses (as few coaches to be called educators), and furthermore I suspect that the oft-quoted "honesty test" are also made to front for them.

J. E. BARRETT

New York

OF BASEBALL'S LADDER

Sir:

I was certainly most pleasantly surprised to read your comments about me in Robert Creamer's report on the recent minor league convention (31, Dec. 19).

You asked a question: "How can men be attracted to baseball as a career?" I can only speak for myself, but it is in my firm conviction that professional baseball is just as easy as any other business.

When I originally went into baseball with the Cardinal organization I left a college coaching and teaching job that was paying me more than my first baseball job offered. However, I was willing to take the chance because I felt that for me there would be room at the top I could produce.

I have advanced steadily up the baseball ladder, although I have not obtained my ultimate goal—that of operating a major league club; however, I feel my advancement in baseball has been just as rapid as it would have been in any other field—probably more rapid.

I am eagerly looking forward to the brightest years baseball has ever known.

BILL ROBINSON
General Manager
Omaha Cardinals

Omaha

GRANT FOR EXPERTISE

Sir:

In his Dec. 19th story on the Robinson-Glavin fight Budd Schulberg makes the point that not a single sportswriter picked Robinson to win.

Gene Ward, a New York Daily News sports columnist, picked Robinson to win in his Dec. 19th story on the upcoming fight. In view of the quoted odds against Robinson, I consider that expert picking and would like to see Ward receive some credit for his expertise.

M. Davis

Montreal

• What Budd Schulberg said was, "Not a single sportswriter or manager, as I wandered around at the weigh-in

ceremonies, could see it any other way but Glavin." But a Pat on the Back to Gene Ward, who gazed into his only slightly clouded crystal ball and wrote "... We are picking (Robinson) to win. It could be by a knockout, but the crystal ball brings forth another picture—that of Sugar building up a lead and clinging to it through the home-stretch rounds to emerge again as middleweight champ."—ED.

THE ONLY CONSIDERATION

Sir:

Congratulations to Furman Hisher on his logical column (31, Dec. 19). But, in my opinion, as long as the South feels hostile to the Negro, we cannot expect the barrier to be lowered on the playing field. However, it is frightening to read that the students at Georgia Tech were in favor of the Sugar Bowl jump. Since they are the citizens of tomorrow, maybe the Negro will get a fair shake both in athletics and in life.

Negroes have great athletic ability and in sports the only consideration should be a man's ability.

DAVID HELVAND

Savannah, N.J.

THE TRUE FEELINGS

Sir:

... In my opinion, Furman Hisher, the sports editor of our morning paper, expressed the true feelings of Georgia sports followers regarding Governor Griffin's protest.

JAMES G. HAYNE

Athens

IN THE STADIUM AND OUTSIDE

Sir:

The discussion of the Georgia Tech Sugar Bowl controversy in Mr. Hisher's column comes as a disappointment to this reader, who devours your excellent magazine each week with the expectation of

finding spaces called spaces and uncompromising positions taken when the situation merits....

The unfortunate thing is that writers such as Mr. Hisher find this an elegant opportunity to haul out their southern sociology handily guides and discuss the question of civil and social rights in such 19th century quotations as "... certain unreluctant battles between the white and colored races will always exist." You may have a point that you cannot legislate a man's pigmentation, but I suspect that there is a great deal more implicit in Mr. Hisher's "some of my best friends" point of view....

Even more frightening is the use of the area of sports by Mr. Hisher as one of the singular places where racial barriers are removed like perforated fences and quickly re-erected outside the stadium. Athletics do teach us what someone this segregation business basically is, but it is nihilism—this mobocracy that roars: "Okay here, but not in the house," or, "Here, I like 'em, but would you want your daughter to marry one?" and it makes me a little nauseated when retained under the editorial eye of as fine a magazine as yours.

RAY COLEMAN

San Francisco

• Furman Hisher, the able sports editor of the Atlanta Constitution, dealt with the Griffin protest as it affected the world of sports. For SF's own opinion see Dec. 12th EVERS & DISCOVERIES, "Gravy in the Sugar Bowl."—ED.

LAY OFF

Sir:

... Because people down here have enough sense to want segregation we are criticized even in a so-called sports magazine.... Why don't you lay off Georgia and the rest of the South?

ARLENE HENSON

Tallahassee, Fla.

continued on next page



HE SPEAKS FOR COUNTLESS OTHERS

Sir: Your December 19 COLUMN on THE WORK by Furman Bisher of the Atlanta Constitution was one of the finest things I've ever read anywhere.

Here is a man on a big newspaper in the deep South, speaking out fearlessly and saying things that a good many other folk from the South would like to say. I especially liked his lines that said, "I like to feel that there is a certain democracy in sports that is found in no other field." Also the paragraph that reads, "Certain unlegislated barriers between white and colored races will always exist. Common sense and social customs dictate these. In the field of team sports, however, there is no violation of these barriers."

Having lived in the deep South several years, I have a little understanding of the problems of that area. I'm sure that countless readers share Furman Bisher's opinion that Governor Griffin and his politicians have made a serious mistake in their interference in this affair.

Salt Lake City

NEO WINSTON

IT SEEMS TOO BAD

Sir: I just read Furman Bisher's column. I've always lived in the Middle West and I don't know much about this segregation business, but I sure thought he hit the nail on the head regarding the actions of Governor Griffin.

I have the feeling the "Gator Bowl" used the same reasoning in selecting Vanderbilt (I believe) instead of Ole Miss (I think) and had a couple of Negro boys on the squad. It just seems too bad that sports ability has to get mixed up with all of these other things. Congratulations to Bisher on an excellent column.

EDMUND ROSENTHAL

St. Louis

THE GLADIATORS OF ROME

Sir: Martin M. Hart is to be congratulated on his fine, bold article on Rome's notorious games of death (SI, Dec. 19). Though a civilized and highly cultured empire, Rome never recognized the dignity of man.

A sport which often only death to the vanquished and a temporary reprieve to the victor is true barbarism. Rome, the conqueror of nations, was herself conquered by her own perversion. I offer you a few select excerpts from Jackson's *The Private Life of the Romans* (pages 272-3) on the final degradation of the gladiatorial slaughter:

"As the number of the exhibitions increased, it became harder and harder to supply the gladiators demanded, for it must be remembered that there were exhibitions in many of the cities of the provinces and in the smaller towns of Italy as well as at Rome. In order to supply the increasing demand, thousands died miserably in the arena where only the most glaring injuries could number in the classes mentioned above (slaves, captives). In Caesar's time provincial governors were accused of sending unoffending provincials to be slaughtered in Rome and of forcing Roman citizens, citizens and friends, of course, to

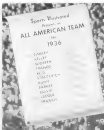
fight in the provincial shows. Later, when the supply of real criminals had run short, it was common enough to send to the arena men sentenced for the pettiest offenses, and to trumpet up charges against the innocent for the same purpose. The prosecution of the Christians was largely due to the demand for more gladiators. So, too, the distinction was lost between actual prisoners of war and peaceful reconductees; after the fall of Jerusalem all Jews over 17 years of age were condemned by Titus to work in the mines or fight in the arena. Warriors the border were sometimes waged for the sole purpose of taking men who could be made gladiators; in default of men, women and children were sometimes made to fight." (The Rev.) ALGERNON J. HASTINGS Hollingsburg, Pa.

YESTERDAY

Sir: This being All-American season I thought perhaps you would be interested in this page from *Sports Illustrated* and the *American Gaffer*, vintage 1936 (see cut). It was a great little sports magazine, but lasted less than a year.

JOHN B. SWOPE

Kendle, Calif.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, VINTAGE '36

A COMPARISON OF ARTISTS

Sir: The pictures in THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT are superb. Last week, for example, I was actually taken aback at the splendid picture of Bobo Olson, sprawled out on the midweight-title canvas (SI, Dec. 19). The picture so exemplified the supreme moment of attainment and defeat—as perfect in its coordination.

On looking further in the magazine, I came upon the painting of The Gladiators, a very fine work about another phase of the moment of truth. And yet in comparing the two—the photograph snapped in a split second and the painting requiring exhaustive months, perhaps years, of work—I cannot decide which is the better.

DAVID TAYLOR

Baltimore

HIGHER EDUCATION

Sir: The final stanza of The University of Eighth Avenue (SI, Dec. 17), like the first, hit me right where I live. Mr. Liebling's

writing talent reminds of Damon Runyon, and his quotes of the fight trainers and managers prove him to be among the most authentic of men in the search for the last word. In short, I get quite an education.

A. W. DE HAER

Livermore, Calif.

PIERCE EDAN REBORN

Sir: Mr. A. J. Liebling is without question the most erudite and literate of modern boxing writers and is undoubtedly the present day Pierce Egan. I can think of no higher tribute.

More power to your magazine's battle for clean and legitimate boxing.

GEORGE WINTER

Fort Wayne, Ind.

MERRY FRAMING

Sir: Your own special brand of boxed (argue) (E & D, Dec. 26) and this Christmas season have forced me to this extreme:

Ois doll doll!
 Ois doll doll!
 Ois doll change (p.
 Oh that possible (p.
 Your magazine (p.
 CHRISTIAN HEDGECOCK

Oyster Bay, N.Y.

FRAMING IN THE SHOWER

Sir: If you feel like singing, try this in the shower sometime:

Dunk bladder all muscles,
 Your eyes and ear alone,
 But shower the soap flow,
 Down drain you learn to,
 With wash hair you go,
 Dunk bladder (and toes,
 Your and shower, marvelous room,
 Dunk bladder all muscles!
 MRS. A. E. WILLIOTT

Alhambra

DROP-KICKERS ANYWHERE?

Sir: In regard to the last art of drop-kicking (1936 ISSUE, Dec. 13), Kaye Andrews of Yankton College (the South Dakota Intercollegiate Conference) has been drop-kicking extra points for two years. Perhaps the art isn't so dead after all. Are there any other around yet?

HOWARD WILSON

Iowa City, Iowa

■ Kaye Andrews, an all-state tailback in high school and an outstanding South Dakota conference player, practices the "last art" for hours at a time and has become so proficient that he completed 18 out of 22 conversions over the past two seasons. Good drop-kickers seem to flourish in South Dakota. In 1933 Mark Parnie, then at Dakota Wesleyan, drop-kicked a 63-yard field goal against Northern State Teachers College which still stands as a world record.—ED.

DON PAUL, MASTER SCULPTOR

Sir: Ingegnus, indeed, is Miss Nash's inclusion of Don Paul's "villany" as a great symbol of generosity (1936 HOLD, Dec. 13). I heartily concur, but note also the

letters which followed indicated how often strategy and design are misunderstood. I would like to add these supplemental remarks to Mike Nash's letter.

Great because man when his choices become a function of reason rather than reflex. We admire physical skill, but we applaud brilliant strategic application of this admirable resource. Be it business, war or sport, does not everyone enter a contest with an objective, and a plan to achieve it? To be triumphant, must you not get your opponent, consciously or otherwise, to abandon his plan and follow yours? Victory by virtue of sheer physical mastery looks genuine; joy because there is no contest. Which do you choose, bringing in a contract with a Vienna coup, or laying down a cold hand?

All of course must be within the rules of the game and sympathetic with mankind's social order. Here the Viper's jungle deeds disgust him from a place in the ranks of men. The salesman, boss, quarterback, minister, general seek to turn men's wills to their designs. Man himself and noble man in the magnificent museum of life and here, manipulating his unwitting play, stands Don Paul, master sculptor.

BRADLEY C. JOHNSON
Lieut. Colonel, USAF

Winger Park, Fla.

VIPER'S JAMBONEE

Sirs:
Amateur athletics supposedly represents the highest moral/guiding role of ethics guiding youth today, but coaches teach players that anything is all right if you can get away with it.

The whole trend of cheating in athletics could be pointed up by annual award to a Roy Secord Jambonee to the athlete in each sport who, according to his victims and the officials in the games where the heinous trick plays, committed the greatest number of violations without getting caught at it. A special police could be given the most villainous riper. In case of a tie for first place, riper points could be allowed for inflicting such injuries as a dipped disc or any disability that put the opposing player out of the game for the rest of the season. At the close of the jambonee the 22,000 Roy Secord could see spotlight playing on the individual athlete who did the most during the previous year to help make juvenile delinquents out of boys who thought you had to play fair.

H. H. SANDERSON, M.D.

Nagato Falls

THAT'S THE WAY

Sirs:
Two football is rough but I do not think that Don Paul plays often; he plays hard, good football. That is the way fans like to see football.

EVONN FUJIMOTO

Los Angeles

WALDO PERICE, VARIETY ATHLETE . . .

Sirs:

NOTED WALDO PERICE'S COMMENTS IN LAST ISSUE. YES, IS YOU MAY NOT KNOW THAT WALDO PERICE IS AN SPORTS FAN TWO, HAVING PLAYED SEVEN TABLE FOR TWO HUNDRED VARIETY FOOTBALL, TABLE. WHEN WALDO LIVED IN HAWAII THIS DELICATELY CHARACTER DESCRIBED ONE OF HIS THINGS TO ME TRULY:

"LOOKING FOR ON THE OTHER SIDE FURBLED,

I SHIMBLED AND FEEL; DAVYDO (IF I DIDN'T LAND ON THE POE'S SLANDERS AND A TOUCHDOWN."

REVISON, BAINES

BOB LEIGHT

... AND POET

Sirs:

It was a breath of fresh air hearing from my old friend, Waldo Peirce, though all too indirectly through your fine magazine. Waldo is not only one of America's great painters, but also a distinguished poet. His two great classics were a poem about the American Field Service and one about one of his mothers-in-law. Unfortunately for 81 readers these gems would hardly pass the censor.

I thought the article on the gladiators was magnificent.

ROBERT W. WOOD JR.

Princeton, N.J.

DR. LAYMEN MAKE SENSE?

Sirs:

Your original article based on scientific knowledge that our deer herds thrive on reasonable hunting (31, Nov. 21) naturally called for Jimmy Jensen's Hornet treatment from the laymen's viewpoint (31, Dec. 13). But the laymen's attitude certainly threw the discussion out of balance from where we sit. Or would it make sense to conduct a symposium, with bank presidents and cashiers, and then match their seductions on loan, practices in the banking business with observations by the men on the street?

Automatically, modern game management has attained maturity, and the methods now standardized obviously cannot always be comprehended by persons interested primarily in the seasons dates and bag limits.

This is just one man's opinion, but I know I speak for everyone I think of when I say your magazine is having a profound and stimulating effect on the future of wildlife.

JOE VICKERS
Supervisor of Information
Texas Game & Fish Comm.

Austin, Tex.

IT'S WHO YOU KNOW

Sirs:

BONNY ILLUSTRATED illustrates that the wildlife biologist's biggest job is people, not the wildlife he is trying to manage.

Ten people in Colorado participated in your HOTTOT poll on the deer question (31, Dec. 12) and it appears from the response only two came close to the answer.

It was gratifying to see that two of the respondents understood the deer starvation problem, whose solution is successfully seen them instead of wanting them. This indicated that some Coloradans have kept in touch with the biologists who, of course, are a reliable source of information.

D. F. McBRATH
Regional Game Supervisor
Michigan Dept. of Conservation
Farmington, Mich.

FORE!

Sirs:

As a golfer of no small talent (I was a "P" as a member of the Juniorville, Wis. High School Golf Team and have my name on some pretty important trophies, including that of the National Association of Cost Accountants, Milwaukee, Wis. Chapter), with Norwegian-born (Lillehammer and Kongsvinger) parents and a Bergen-born wife, also being the recipient of A's in two semesters of a Norwegian course at the University of Wisconsin, I feel adequately qualified and virtually compelled to question your statement that Norse golfers employ the warning "fore!" (E & D, Dec. 12).

"Fore" would be pronounced "fo-eh" (with slightly rolled R). I doubt that the shout of "fo-eh" would attract much attention. My experience has been that the best way to attract a Norwegian's attention is to yell "foot!"

W. E. ANDERSON

Chicago

★ Fore (pronounced fore) is an international sporting word, taken over along with golf by many countries. However, Norwegian parties may shout "Se opp!" instead.—ED.



"C' mon, Texas!"

PAT ON THE BACK



PATRICIA PEACOCK

Patricia Peacock, a 17-year-old high school senior from Stuttgart, Ark., last month became the first woman ever to win the world duck-calling championship. Patricia, who won \$1,200 in savings bonds for her latest effort, celebrated the victory by playing Os Wisconsin on the duck call.



MIMI ARNOLD

Mimi Arnold, 14, of Redwood City, Calif., surprised the tennis world last month by her easy victory in the USLTA National Hardcourt women's singles. Little Mimi defeated Mrs. Pat Canning Todd in the finale by 6-0, 6-0.

NIKI MELLINGER

Mrs. Niki Mellinger of Lynnwood, Wash., secretary to the state wildlife committee, won a hunting trip to Lac Le Harbe, B.C. There, hunting for the first time ever, Niki dropped this 700-pound moose with her very first shot.





1955 was the year when

"selling with sport" became

"selling with **SPORTS**"

ILLUSTRATED

(See pages 50, 51, 52, 53)

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